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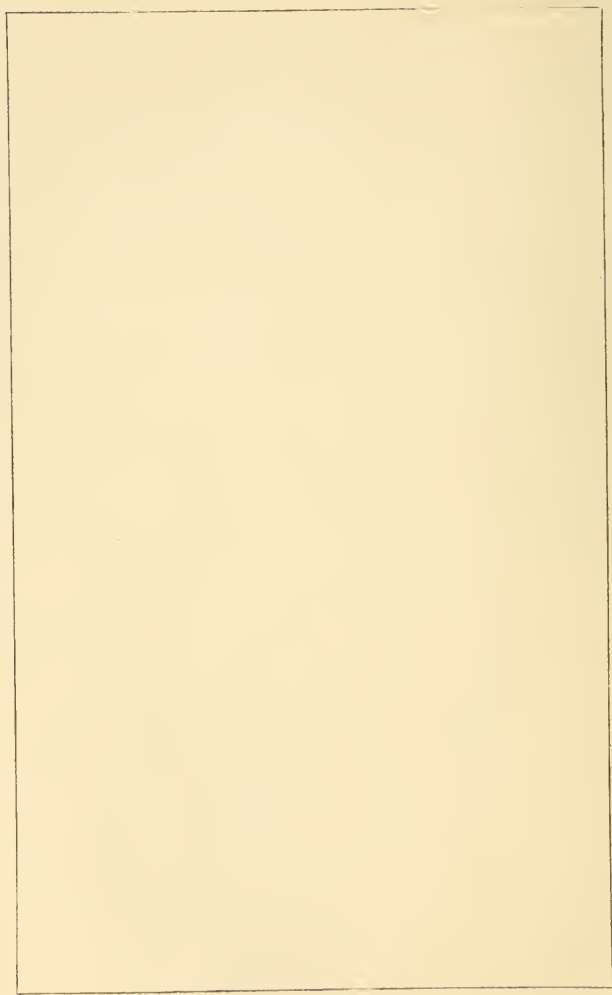
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THE GENTLE SHEPHERD



THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD

A PASTORAL COMEDY

By ALLAN RAMSAY

||

EDITED, WITH A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, AND A

REFERENCE GLOSSARY BY

J. R.



EDINBURGH
JOHN ROSS AND COMPANY

1875

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1875

PREFACE.

THE rare excellence of *The Gentle Shepherd*, and its claim to a place in the foremost rank in pastoral poetry, have been pronounced upon by so many competent judges, whose verdict is confirmed by the public appreciation for a century and a half, that it may now be accepted, beyond question, if not in the words of Burns, as "the noblest pastoral in the world," at least as the first in British Literature. There is one conspicuous exception to the uniformly eulogistic opinions passed upon it by the accredited literary authorities, which, coming from a countryman of the author's, may be supposed to have some weight. It is unnecessary to assume any other motive for Mr Pinkerton's censure* than that of regard for the conscientious discharge of his function of professed patriotic critic; yet apart from a purely personal attack on Ramsay, as a man and a poet, which can only be accounted for by a crotchety sensitiveness, his strictures are wholly directed against his language, and are equally applicable to all who have used it since. In his zeal for the dead language of his country he seems to have forgotten that it too was once spoken by the mob; and that a language that has ceased to be the medium of the thoughts and feelings of ordinary men and women, however suited for the practice of antiquarian anatomy, is not fit for moulding living thoughts and feeling into the forms of

* *Ancient Scottish Poems*, 1786.

undying verse. It is no extenuation of his error, though it diminishes our surprise at his confidence, that he wrote in 1786, when the genius of Burns had hardly dawned upon the world, to show what the language of Ramsay was capable of.

The Gentle Shepherd being a living classic, still largely read and enjoyed, it appeared to the present Editor a not unworthy task to undertake the production of an edition regarding which he can honestly say that he has used every effort to make it worthy of the high estimation in which he holds it. Its present form has been attained through a considerable process of development; its germ being the eclogue "Patie and Roger," which first appeared in 1718, and now forms Scene I. Then followed, in 1721, the duet, "Patie and Peggy," now Song XI.; which was succeeded in 1723 by "Jenny and Meggy," now Scene II., and headed "Peggy and Jenny." Although written at considerable intervals, a unity of design runs through the two larger fragments, as if a dim outline of the whole were conceived at the beginning; for the characters of the second part are projected in the first, and three of those of after scenes appear in the background of the second: making altogether seven of the twelve *dramatis personæ* of the play. The two chief pieces of scenery, too, are described, and when the whole comes to be put together no alteration is necessary to make them fit in the most natural way into the additional framework.

In June 1725 appeared the first complete edition, a small 12mo. volume, now exceedingly scarce, not badly printed, but containing a great many typographical, orthographical, and other errors. It contains only

four of the songs in the present edition, viz :—Nos. IX., XI., XVI., and XXII., has only the prose dedication to the Countess of Eglinton, and wants the glossary. A quotation from Spenser on the title-page points distinctly to the origin of the title “The Gentle Shepherd.” Its text has been taken as the standard for what is considered the best edition of Ramsay’s Works—that of 1800, edited by George Chalmers, and several others.

The next edition, so far as a considerable revision of the text constitutes such, is the quarto of 1728 ; but simultaneously, or it may be earlier, there must have been issued a common edition with the additional songs. The success of “The Beggars’ Opera,” which appeared in 1727, is said to have induced Ramsay to add the eighteen new songs which now form part of *The Gentle Shepherd* ; but Gay’s comedy cannot have suggested the idea of having it put upon the stage, for the first edition bears unmistakable evidence of such an intention. It is not known, however, to have been represented before 1729 ; and the success of the “Beggars’ Opera” doubtless stimulated and facilitated the accomplishment of the author’s wish to see it acted.

The quarto edition is not a separate publication, but part of the second volume of his complete works. The text differs in several places from that of the 1st edition, and, in our opinion, everywhere for the better. The volume is also more correctly printed, and has the glossary of the first volume enlarged. It contains a dedication to his patrons, the subscribers to the first volume, in which, referring to his poems, he says : “I have examined them over and over with care, and have struck out everything that I thought a blemish ; since nothing

is so capable to ruffle my tranquility as your finding any production of my muse imperfect or deformed." It is the text of this edition that has been adopted by the well known Foulises of Glasgow in the 10th edition of *The Gentle Shepherd*, published in 1750, eight years before Ramsay's death; and again in the better known 4to of 1788, with David Allan's famous illustrations. In the Advocates' Library there is a copy of the same edition dedicated in Ramsay's autograph to the "Countess of Eglintoun." Being part of the complete volume, it has no separate title-page, and this is supplied in the same hand as the dedication, thus, "*The Gentle Shepherd, a Pastoral Comedy by Allan Ramsay, with an Italian Translation.*" It wants the prose dedication, but has Hamilton's poetical one, scored across however, evidently by the same hand. The Italian translation is wanting in the volume,* and we have not been able to obtain any account of it; being unknown to Dr David Laing, we conclude that it never was published. Along the margin of the first page of the text, in Ramsay's writing, is the following: "*Note*—If this Pastoral should be reprinted with the Italian Translation it would be proper to introduce this scene, as the translator has done, by a short song—that is by the first stanza of '*My Peggy is a young thing*,'—in the common editions." If this copy be that presented to the Countess of Eglinton, the note must have been written shortly after publication; but that it is such, however, may be doubted from this consideration.

* It is bound in red morocco, of recent workmanship, and has Lord Murray's arms stamped in gold on the side.

The last page, containing the closing song and four lines of the text, is pasted down to the fly-leaf, on which, when looked through, is seen to be written a title exactly similar to that on the fly-leaf at the beginning. This circumstance, with the fact that the book is defaced by the note and other alterations, and wants the Italian translation, make it possible that it is not the copy presented to Lady Eglinton, though meant to be. The author seemingly mistaking the end for the beginning, and having written the title, on turning the leaf to write the dedication discovered his mistake, and retained it as a spoiled copy for making corrections. Nor is the probability of this conjecture lessened because the title and dedication in the right place must have been written, and the misplaced title pasted down, after. One thing we gather from the latter circumstance is, that the author did not then wish that the last song should form part of a future edition; for of the four last lines of the text, printed on the same page, and pasted to the fly-leaf, two are reproduced in MS. with the folio, on the back of it, followed by "Finis." As a new edition was issued in 1729, in 8vo., the note must have been written before then; but that any of the alterations of the copy in question were adopted in it is improbable, for we have seen no after edition in which they appear—a fact, of course, against the theory of its having been retained as conjectured. The note shows conclusively that the additional songs formed part of a common edition, in circulation previous to the issue of the 1729 8vo. edition; and a more exact determination of the time when they were first introduced is of less consequence, as there

are no variations in their text, in any edition known to us. The largest single deviation of the quarto from the first edition is the omission of the three first stanzas of song XVI., one of the four original songs; while the pasting down of the concluding song, in the Advocates' Library copy, indicates the intention of making further alterations of the same kind. The note, however, shows a leaning in the opposite direction, from which we infer the existence of considerable vacillation in the author's own mind on the subject. And this indecision is also displayed by his earliest editors, the Foulises, who, in some of their editions, have given the songs and music as an appendix to the text, while in others they have omitted them altogether. Varying opinions as to their introduction being an improvement, prevail among later editors; yet there are no later editions, known to us, in which they are excluded; so that whatever conclusions may be held regarding their merits, as independent lyrics, they must now be considered, like the introductions in "*Marmion*," as irrevocably wedded to their context.

The text of the present edition is an almost verbal reprint of that of 1728, with the additional songs; but at page 93 are given those portions of the text of the first edition that had been deleted from that of 1728, with notes of the few and slight alterations made on the latter in the copy in the Advocates' Library.

All the author's corrections and alterations, so far as made, or intended, from the first edition to the last which he is known to have touched, are thus preserved and presented in the present edition. The text is neither Anglicized nor Scotofied—processes which have

to some extent been practised—the latter, strange to say, more than the former. Ramsay, like Burns, did not make an excessive use of Scotch; and there is no reason for making a greater use of it now. Though the text corresponds verbally with that of 1728, the orthography has been made consistent throughout—that is words pronounced in the same way and used in the same sense, are made uniform in their spelling; while English words have been spelled as such, instead of being made to appear something different, through the retention of obsolete and erroneous spelling. With this anomaly, of spelling English as if it were Scotch, removed, we feel satisfied that the English reader will find little difficulty in following the sense, with a slight use of the glossary. Except when a *fac simile* is desirable, we see no reason, in modern editions, for such vagaries as *haf*, *haff*, *ty*, *tye*, *caum*, *bairs*, *alyke*, *joyns*, *delite*, *delyte*, *delyt*, *delight*, and many more such in English, with *bayer*, *byar*, *bire*, *byre*, and many similar deviations in Scotch. The spelling of Scotch is a somewhat *kittle* question, which in the present case is doubly complicated by the inconsistencies of the text: the same word being spelled differently several times in the same page, and sometimes a third way in the glossary. As a rule we have followed the author's most commonly used spelling, and have only deviated from it, when, on consulting Jamieson and other authorities, we have felt assured that the substituted spelling is now a better exponent of the author's pronunciation than that used by himself. *Claiiths*, for example, we have rendered *claes*, having Ramsay's own authority that this was the pronunciation of his time,

for he rhymes it with praise. *Taz*, again, he rhymes with laws, shewing that *tawse* was how he pronounced it. That his spelling should be more antiquated than his pronunciation need not be wondered at when we consider that he was himself the earliest writer of modern Scotch, and that all the literature of the language with which he was familiar was that of much earlier times. The inconsistency of his spelling, which sometimes makes it so unreliable a guide to his pronunciation, is thus easily accounted for.

The present glossary has been entirely rewritten, and contains all the obsolete and Scotch words in the forms in which they occur, with their definitions confined to their particular meaning in the text, or such additional as may serve to show their derivation. Each word is referred to the page in which it is first used, and when used differently, or in a different sense, a new reference is given. The vocabulary embraces the text of *The Gentle Shepherd* only; and is not, as is usually the case, a reprint of the glossary to Ramsay's whole writings.* The glossary, being referable, also serves as an index to the text; but further to facilitate reference for dialectical inquiry, several phrases, Scotisms, and Scottish grammatical renderings are given as headings; while referable analyses of each scene have been prefixed as contents.

The life, which appeared to demand little original research, consequently presents few facts that have

* To this we know of only two exceptions,—the New York edition of 1852, and a small reprint by Donaldson in 1761; and yet it was the deficiency, rather than the redundancy, of the glossaries that first drew our attention to the fact.

not appeared in print before ; yet, it contains most authentic particulars that have appeared in the numerous notices and sketches that have been written since the publication of the *Life* by Chalmers. These the editor has endeavoured so to blend with the facts, for which Chalmers' *Life* is the authority, as to give the picture of Ramsay's life greater variety and colour; and, by what he conceives to be a more consecutive arrangement of details, to present the poet more distinctly, simply, and familiarly as he appeared, than in the scattered state of the various particulars was possible. It has, at the same time, been so condensed as to keep it within limits proportioned to the place it occupies.

With the exception of Burns' works no other Scottish production has been so often reprinted as *The Gentle Shepherd*, and we think we are within the mark in saying that fifty different editions of it have appeared within the hundred and fifty years during which it has been before the public. We annex a list of the principal ones, most of which have been consulted in the preparation of the present edition.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD,—A Scotch Pastoral Comedy by Allan Ramsay. 12mo., 96 p.p. Edinburgh: Mr Tho. Ruddiman, for the author, sold at his shop near the Cross; and by Mr Thomas Longman, in Paternoster Row, &c.,
1725.

POEMS, VOL II., 4to.—Printed by Tho. Ruddiman, for the author, Edinburgh,
1728.

POEMS,—Dublin, ... 1733.

POEMS,—2 Vols., 12mo., Portrait by Basire. London, 1751.

- POEMS,—2 Vols. Millar, Rivington &c., London, 1761.
- THE GENTLE SHEPHERD,—12mo., with restricted glossary.
A. Donaldson, Edinburgh, 1761.
- THE GENTLE SHEPHERD,—4to. ; with 13 Plates by David Allan, Songs and Music. A. & R. Foulis, Glasgow, 1788.
- THE GENTLE SHEPHERD,—1 Vol., 8vo. With an English translation by Mrs Turner. London, . . . 1790.
- THE GENTLE SHEPHERD,—8vo. ; with Five Illustrations.
Geo. Reid & Co., Edinburgh, . . . 1798.
- POEMS,—2 Vols., 8vo. Life by George Chalmers, and desertation by Lord Woodhouselee. London, 1800.
- THE GENTLE SHEPHERD,—2 Vols., 8vo. Plates, map, and desertation on the Scenery. [Supposed to have been edited by Robert Brown, Esq., Advocate.] A. Constable & Co., Edinburgh, . . . 1808.
- THE GENTLE SHEPHERD,—With David Allan's Plates. Printed by Ballantyne & Co. Watt & Baillie, Leith, 1808.
- POEMS,—1 Vol., 12mo., Life by Tennant. Edinburgh, 1819.
- POEMS,—3 Vols., 12mo. A reprint of the 1800 edition, with additions. Fullarton & Co., Edinburgh, . 1850.
- THE GENTLE SHEPHERD,—12mo. Text of 1728 edition. Tennant's Life, with additions. Restricted glossary. Lord Woodhouselee's desertation, and a collection of Criticisms. William Gowans, New York, . . . 1852.
- THE GENTLE SHEPHERD,—4to., with Allan's original plates. Published on the occasion of the inauguration of the Poet's statue. William Forrester, Edinburgh, 1865.

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THE LIFE OF
ALLAN RAMSAY

BORN 1686—DIED 1758.

POETRY, especially national poetry, has its ebb and flow : the flow being the reflex of those commotions in human affairs, whether political, religious, or social, which stir men's minds into intellectual activity ; and the ebb, that of the reaction which results from the exhaustion of the conflicting forces. Whether that activity be reflected in poetry, or in forms unfavourable to its production, depends, for a time at least, on the causes from which the activity itself arises ; but ultimately, on the existence in society of those elements that tend to foster the poetical temperament.

Allan Ramsay appears upon the horizon of Scottish poetical literature at the end of one of those periods of depression, during which influences of a kind inimical to poetry weighed down the spirits of the people of Scotland. It was a period of transition, when the political life of the nation was in that state of passive deterioration and moral langour which is an invariable accompaniment, if not a necessary precursor, of great changes in the political and social life of a people. The position which he occupies as the pioneer of the modern era of Scottish poetry, which culminated in Burns, gives his works and character an interest additional to that which his genius and personal history claim upon the attention of the student of this, the most interesting, and intensely national

development of the Scottish mind. Two earlier overflows of the tide of poetic feeling, which is largely latent in the Scottish character,—the first roused unto activity by causes more directly appealing to the robust patriotic passions, then in themselves ruder and fiercer,—found expression in “The Bruce” of Barbour, and Blind Harry’s “Wallace;” and the second in the works of Dunbar, Lindsay, and Douglas. There are also fragments of a literature more redolent of the soil, which are valuable as indications of the early existence and general diffusion of those traits which afterwards produced so many spontaneous delineations of romantic and even tragic national feelings.* The long interval between the last poetical era and that of which Ramsay was the harbinger, produced nothing that presented any distinctively Scottish features; for the writings of Alexander Earl of Stirling and Drummond of Hawthornden, and some others that claim to be named in a history of English literature, bear little or no impress of the national character. Scotland, for all this, has as good a claim to the honours which their works confer as she has to the glory which accrues to her on account of the contributions of Thomson, Hume, Smith, Robertson, Macaulay, Hamilton, and Carlyle to the noble structure of English literature. This she is proud to own in common with her wealthier sister, albeit cherishing a special fondness for a homelier structure, all the dearer that it is all her own. To this native structure Allan Ramsay has furnished so important and characteristic a contribution as gives an interest to the homely, and apparently common-place incidents, of his uneventful life.

* “The minstrels, whose metrical tales once roused the Borders like the trumpet sound, by an order of the Legislature of 1579 were classed with rogues and vagabonds, and attempted to be suppressed. . . . Unknown to the learned, and unpatronised by the great, these rustic bards lived and died in obscurity, and by a strange fatality even their very names are forgotten.”—*Ramsay of Ochertyre to Dr Currie, Burns’ biographer.*

" Of Crawford-moor, born in Lead-hill,
 Where mineral springs Glengoner fill,
 Which joins sweet flowing Clyde;
 Between auld Crawford-Lindsay's towers,
 And where Deneetnè rapid pours
 His stream through Glotta's tide.
 Native of Clydesdale's upper ward,
 Bred fifteen summers there.
 Tho' to my loss I am nae laird,
 By birth my title's fair
 To bend* wi' ye, and spend wi' ye
 An evening, and gaffaw†
 If merit and spirit
 Be found without a flaw."

Such were the terms in which Ramsay characteristically preferred his claims for admission into the membership of the "Whin Bush Club," a society of "Clydesdaleshire gentlemen who frequently meet at a diverting hour, and keep up a good understanding among themselves over a friendly bottle; and from a charitable principle easily collect into their treasurer's box a small fund which has many a time relieved the distresses of indigent persons of that shire."

The 15th October 1686 is given as his birthday by Chalmers the author of "Caledonia," whose life of him prefixed to the London edition of his works (1800) is the basis of all subsequent accounts. His father, Robert Ramsay, was manager of Lord Hopetoun's lead mines at Leadhills, an office in which he succeeded his father, of the same name, who was also a writer in Edinburgh. The latter, the poet's grandfather, was himself the grandson of Ramsay of Cockpen,‡ a brother of Ramsay

* Drink. † Laugh heartily,

‡ The statement by Dr R. Chambers, that the first Ramsay of Cockpen was a brother of Ramsay of Dalhousie who was knighted in 1424, makes it probable that some connecting links are wanting in the above genealogy. Lord Dalhousie purchased the old mansion-house and farm of Cockpen from Baron Cockburn about 1795; the branch estate being thus restored to the name and the main line.—See *New Statistical Account*.

of Dalhousie, the chief of the name, and whose representative, Allan with clannish and pardonable vanity addresses as

“Dalhousie of an auld descent,
My chief, my stoup,* my ornament.”

He was named after his maternal grandfather, a native of Derbyshire, whom Lord Hopetoun brought to Leadhills, to teach his miners their business, and to superintend the working of the mines. Allan Bower, such was his name, married Janet Douglas, a daughter of Douglas of Muthill, and their daughter Alice Bower was the poet's mother; which links in his pedigree afforded him the satisfaction of recording that

“He was a poet sprung from a Douglas loin.”

Counting kin is a Scotch habit, and has its poetical aspects, and where natures of that temperament are influenced by a reverence for kindred fame to emulate the virtues, and to avoid conduct beneath the character of noble ancestry, the sentiment is akin to patriotism, though contracted in its sphere.

The writer of the notice of Ramsay in Chambers' Cyclopædia observes, that for the easy smoothness of his disposition he was indebted to his English descent. Lord Brougham remarks, in his own case, that he owed those natural characteristics which distinguished him to the blood of the Robertsons imparting its Celtic vivacity to the sluggish stream of his Saxon lineage; and certainly the numerous instances, since the days of “King Bruce,”† in which the coalescing streams of Saxon and Celtic blood have given steadiness and force to those in whose veins they have mingled, justify the conclusion that Ramsay owes as much to his Bower descent, of which he takes no notice, as to the line of Douglas or Dalhousie.

* Stay, support.

† To the names of Cromwell, Byron, Macaulay, and Somerville, a host of others might be added to support the doctrine of the effectiveness of the infusion of new blood.

His father died before attaining his 25th year, when Allan was but an infant, and his mother soon afterwards married a Mr Crichton, a small land-owner of the district. There is no direct account of his boyhood—the extent of his education, or the nature of his youthful employments; and what these were has to be gathered from such references in his writings as bear on these points, and what a general survey of them leads to be inferred regarding them.

It may safely be assumed, that, until the time of his mother's death, which took place when he was but fifteen years of age, he attended the village school of Leadhills. Here he would obtain a fair English education, and some knowledge of Latin. He says himself that his acquaintance with the classics was too slight to admit of his enjoying them in the original; yet his fondness for the use of classic mottoes and quotations shows that he devoted some time to the study of Latin at least.* His enjoyment of them, and extensive familiarity with them, through translations, he frequently avows, and evinces in his works. His native district, though the most elevated inhabited spot in Scotland, and perhaps the most isolated, has long held a high character for the intelligence, industry, and sobriety of its inhabitants; and says the writer of the "Statistical Account" of the parish of Crawfordmoor: "Such is the value the people in general set on education, that all the farmers who have families employ a teacher, especially during winter, and many of the shepherds who are at a distance from school follow the same plan." It is therefore quite in keeping with the custom of the place, and that of many more rural districts in Scotland, that he remained in school till his fifteenth year; while, after the age of ten or thereabouts, he may have been employed looking after the sheep, or assisting the shepherds, at those seasons

* He says he could read Horace faintly in the original.

that require extra attention on the part of their flocks. That he was intimately familiar with every aspect of shepherd life before he left the scenes of his boyhood is obvious; yet this was quite within the reach of an observant boy in the circumstances assumed. The most direct allusion to his personal pastoral experience occurs in his epistle to Starrat, a rhyming correspondent in Ireland :

“ Aft have I wade through glens wi’ chorking* feet,
When neither plaid nor kelt† could fend the weat ;
Yet blythly would I bang it o’er the brae,
And stoud‡ o’er burns as light as ony rae,
Hoping the morn might prove a better day.”

He may also, as stated by the writer of his life in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, have been employed at the smelting works of the lead mines.

Tennant, the author of “Anster Fair,” in the memoir prefixed to his edition of Ramsay’s works, says : “We have the assurance of undoubted testimony that at this early age, when his mind was beginning to search about for the choice of a profession, his wishes were to be a painter; a circumstance too little known, and too little noticed by his biographers; but indicative, in our opinion, of the aspirations of his youthful disposition.” Tennant thinks it was this early bent of his mind that prompted him “afterward to devote his son to that favourite study from which he himself was so harshly precluded.” He adds, “for his stepfather, little consulting the inclinations of young Allan, and wishing as soon as possible to disencumber himself of his support, bound this nursling of the muses apprentice to a wigmaker.” What the amiable author of “Anster Fair” wrote in 1819, possibly on the authority of his patron Lord Woodhouselee, is reproduced in

* The noise made in walking with the shoes filled with water.

† Coarse cloth made from native wool.

‡ Bound in walking.

December 1872 in the "Athenæum," in an article which gives Ramsay very hearty praise as a man and a poet. Referring to the subject of his youthful treatment, the writer says: "He lost both his parents early, and on Allan's stepfather asking him what he would be, received for answer, 'an artist;' 'very good,' said he, and put him as an apprentice to a barber and wigmaker. Scottish courage sustained the boy. When he became his own master he flung wigs and lather into the streets of Edinburgh, and began business as a small bookseller." There is no evidence that Allan was deficient in courage, yet no one had a larger share of what is said to be the better part of valour; and it is contrary to every sentiment of his writings, and opposed to every recorded act of his life, to suppose him throwing away anything which he could put to a better use. Not the least evidence of his courage and manliness consisted in his never being ashamed of his original profession,* which he conjoins with his later and more congenial one, in a jocular account of himself to James Arbuckle of Belfast in 1719:

"I theek† the out and line the in side
Of many a douse‡ and witty pash,§
And baith ways gather in the cash."

It was not till he made four hundred guineas by a collected edition of his poems in 1721, that he decided on giving up wigmaking, and devoting his whole time to bookselling and publishing.

While the authors of "The Gentle Shepherd" and "Anster Fair" resembled one another in their native pawky keenness

In "Reasons for not answering the Hackney Scriblers," (1728) he says,—

The blundering fellows ne'er forget
About my trade to feed their fancies,
As if, forsooth, I wad look blate
At what my honour maist advances.

† Thatch.

‡ Shrewd.

§ Head, pate.

of observation, and quaint delicate sense of humour, no two men were otherwise more differently constituted than the timid, retiring, femininely minded Tennant—a prodigy of linguistic learning, and of necessity a recluse in his habits, and the bustling, social, laughing, confident, yet sagacious and enterprising Ramsay—who thought “his small knowledge of the dead languages nothing to his disadvantage,”—the last man in the world desiring, or deserving to be made the subject of morbid sentimentality or sympathy.

Without disputing the fact on which the charge of harshness on the part of his stepfather is founded, it is but justice to his memory to remember, that there is no evidence that Allan gave any indications of premature genius to guide him in the matter, even supposing him to be a man of sufficient discernment to note their significance had such been the case. Ramsay's earliest known production, his address to the Easy Club, written ten years after leaving home, would be very slender data indeed from which to predict the attainment of future poetical eminence. And if the condition and prospects of the fine arts at that time, or for long after, be kept in view, it is quite likely that wigmaking was a much wiser choice as a profession than painting would have been. Tennant derives some consolation from the fact “that, lowly as this profession is, it has been vindicated by one of Ramsay's biographers into comparative dignity by separating it from the kindred business of barber, with which it is vulgarly and too frequently confounded*.”

* The biographer in question does not estimate the relative dignity of barber and wigmaker, but shows, from Maitland's History of Edinburgh, that the barbers, if a different craft, had the advantage of the wigmakers in being one of the forty-two corporations of that city, having been jointly incorporated with the surgeons in 1505. In 1722 they were separated from the surgeons and formed into a corporate body, with exclusive privileges.

Looking dispassionately at the circumstances and surroundings which influenced Ramsay's youth, there appears no evidence of any, except the early death of his parents, that may be termed unfortunate : and even the profession of wig-maker—considering the fashions of his time, and the position of Edinburgh, the residence of the Scottish nobility, and the centre of every kind of intellectual activity—must have afforded a man of his disposition and genius as good opportunities of observation, and even of access into good society, as many a more dignified profession.* That he was early admitted into other society than that of the clubs is recorded by Tytler, the celebrated antiquary, who remembers having heard him recite scenes from *The Gentle Shepherd* to the literary guests of Mr Forbes, advocate, at Newhall, before it was published.†

Allan, at the age of fifteen, was apprenticed to an Edinburgh wigmaker in 1701, and no more is heard of him till, in 1712, he marries Christian Ross, the daughter of “an inferior lawyer” in Edinburgh. It is not recorded when he commenced business on his own account, but it may be presumed to have been some time before this. Neither the responsibilities

* The fact that Ramsay was made a citizen in virtue of serving an apprenticeship as a wigmaker, raises a presumption that wigmaking was a branch of the barber's profession. Its importance may be inferred from the terms of a reference in the *Book of Costume* to the supercession of the Pigtail by the Bob-wig, in the time of George II.—“A few brave spirits actually ventured to wear their own hair, curled and profusely powdered.” We have failed to trace its separate existence.

† The space given to the foregoing discussion will be excused on the consideration that Ramsay himself never presumed upon that tendency, now so prevalent, of regarding men of genius, as though its possession imposed an obligation upon ordinary mortals to treat them in the affairs of life as exceptions to those rules of common sense and necessity to which they are themselves subject. The same view is taken by so competent an authority on such a subject as Dr Robert Chambers, in his *Lives of Eminent Scotchmen*.

nor the attractions of the change in his domestic state prevent him this same year forming one of "a band of young men of talent and vivacity," who established the Easy Club with the object of passing "stated evenings in free conversation and social mirth." He appears, from the minutes, to have been very regular in his attendance at the meetings, and to have made them the arena on which to test the acceptability of his earliest poetical ventures. Their reception may be judged from the fact, that, in 1715 he was made Poet-Laureate to the Club, whose career was this year cut short on account of the Earl of Mar's rebellion, and the anti-union leanings of its members. His earliest known production, already noticed, was written for this club, and its character justifies the conjecture that he made no serious attempts at verse writing before 1711; indeed he implies as much himself in his letter to his friend Smibert, afterwards quoted. We have also his own authority for supposing his poetical emulation to have been first awakened by reading "Watson's Choice Collection of Scots Poems," published in three parts in 1706-9 and 11. Once roused, he entered with earnestness upon the study and the production of poetry, and in both respects proved his genius and his zeal. His reading in English was principally devoted to the works of Dryden, Addison, Prior, and Pope, and when the translation of the *Iliad* appeared in 1718, he wrote Pope a congratulatory ode, in which he confesses to having read it three times, and each time with increased relish. Nor did he neglect the study of the literature of his native country, within whose sphere he rightly deemed his muse should chiefly confine her flight. After the suppression of the "Easy Club," the medium through which he tested the effects of his earliest productions, he felt sufficient confidence in their popularity to have them published in separate poems, in which form they became so much read by the people of Edinburgh that mothers were accustomed to send their chil-

dren with a penny to buy "Ramsay's last piece." That his popularity soon extended beyond Edinburgh is attested by the fact of their being also published in London.

His confidence grew with his success, and in 1716 he took the bold step of adding a second canto to "Christ's Kirk on the Green," the humorous poem of James I. of Scotland; which ludicrous, but vigorous picture of low rural life and manners he issued with his own. His thorough acquaintance with the habits, language, and traditional customs of the class of rustics which the royal poet had sketched, and his keen perception of the ludicrously amusing in their behaviour, enabled him to present a change of scene in which the same actors are made to maintain their respective characters so well as almost, but for the less antique phraseology, to conceal the difference of authorship. The reception of his first addition, Canto ii., induced him to add another, Canto iii.; and he published the whole as a consecutive poem in 1718, under the old title of "Christ's Kirk on the Green." From our present stand-point the scenes, though faithfully and powerfully drawn, are coarse and repulsive, and want that dramatic unity, and distinct individuality of character which distinguishes the "Jolly Beggars" of Burns. Yet such was the popularity of the piece when first published, that it went through five editions in four years.

His poems, published separately as they were written, now amounted to so considerable a collection, that in 1721 he published them in a quarto volume, and so well were they received in this form that he made four hundred guineas by the venture. It is dedicated to "The Most Beautiful the British Ladies," at whose feet he begs to be allowed to lay it "as a grateful return of every thought happily expressed by me, they being less owing to my natural genius than to the inspiration of your charms." His fair patronesses notwithstanding, it contains several pieces which no author, with the

slightest regard for his own reputation or profit, would now venture to publish; and there are few more striking indications of the outward refinement in public manners since Ramsay's time, than the fact that he published, without any apparent sense of impropriety, patronized, if not countenanced by the leading society in the land, pieces unfit to be read now in any company with the slightest pretensions to decency. It is true he did not altogether escape reproof, if reproof it may be termed, which took the form of three or four weak and witless lampoons whose titles sufficiently indicate the intellectual and moral poverty of their authors; and justify his saying "they are such that several of my friends allege I wrote them myself, to make the world believe I had no foes but fools." His purely English pieces show his obligations to the school of Pope for polishing his verse, but his genius was fortunately too natural, and its proper sphere too far removed from the influence of that school to be injuriously affected by it.

In 1722 and 1723 he produced his "Fables and Tales," "The Monk and the Miller's Wife," of which, says Lord Woodhouselee, "would be of itself his passport to immortality." Of the "Tale of the Three Bonnets," an anti-union satire, he did not acknowledge the authorship, and excluded it afterwards from the collected edition of his works.

In 1724 appeared his poem on "Health," his only unexceptionable English composition, of which the most powerfully drawn are the most repulsive sketches, and, like most of the moral satire of the school of Juvenal, in consonance with the philosophy of Pope's couplet,

"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
* As to be hated needs but to be seen."

while entirely overlooking the danger suggested in the couplet which immediately follows—

“ Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

In January 1724 he published the first volume of the “Tea Table Miscellany, a collection of songs Scottish and English,” which he dedicated

“ To ilka lovely British lass,
Frae Lady Charlotte, Anne, and Jean,
Down to ilk bonny singing Bess
Wha dances barefoot on the green.”

In the preface to a second volume of the same work he informs his readers that about thirty of the songs contained in the two volumes were contributed “by some ingenious young gentlemen who were so pleased with my undertaking that they generously lent me their assistance.” A third volume was issued in 1727, and a fourth several years after, though whether compiled by Ramsay himself is doubtful. The Tea Table Miscellany hit the popular taste of the time, and in a few years ran through twelve editions. It was the first printed collection of Scotch songs, and is still a standard work of reference with students and collectors of that branch of the national literature.

In October 1724, “The Evergreen, being a collection of Scots poems wrote by the Ingenious before 1600,” made its appearance. It is a compilation, chiefly derived from the celebrated Bannatyne MS., lent to him by the Honourable William Carmichael, brother-german to the Earl of Hyndford. Though with patriotic zeal he undertook the labour of editing, and bringing within the reach of the public, several specimens of that valuable national treasure, which is at the present day for the first time being committed, in its entirety, to the safe custody of print, yet it is agreed on all hands that the task was much beyond the range of his acquirements as an antiquarian. His ideas, too, as a caterer for the general

public, and as a successful poet, unfitted him for the faithful reproduction of a work which could be appreciated only by the learned few who devote years to such studies. Nor can he be acquitted from censure, even though in keeping with the literary canons of his time, for having introduced, under the designation of productions of the ingenious before 1600, poems of considerable length which have been traced to his own authorship; and, what is equally blameworthy, having made considerable alterations and additions to pieces by the old authors. Two of his own poems thus introduced, which on account of their political bias he did not think it prudent to acknowledge, are, "The Vision," and "The Eagle and the Robin-red-breast." The first, his greatest imaginative poem, was so successful an imitation of the ancient manner and language, that it imposed upon the learned as a poem of the time of Queen Mary for half a century. The second, too, has been attributed to other authors, and though not so successful an imitation of an ancient poem, is quite a gem of its kind, and an excellent specimen of Ramsay's pawky humour.

His next production, *The Gentle Shepherd*, which appeared in 1725, is the purest, most successful, and in every better quality the master-piece of his genius. Its opening scene, published as a separate pastoral in 1718, under the title of "Patie and Roger," was followed, in 1721, by the song "Patie and Peggy;" while in 1723 "Jenny and Meggy" appeared as "A sequel to Patie and Roger." The evidence afforded by these of his powers of reproducing the manners and sentiments of the pastoral inhabitants of the south of Scotland, in their own language and modes of expression, induced his literary friends at Newhall to urge him to make an effort in which these powers might have more scope. He was furnished with the story which serves as the frame-work of the drama, by Dr Pennecuik, a brother poet of some local celebrity, who, in 1715, published a "Description of Tweed-dale," and up to

1703, was proprietor of Newhall, the locality of which best answers the topography of the poem. Ramsay himself appears to have felt that, as this was his most ambitious attempt, it was also his greatest achievement, and did justice to his genius.

The Gentle Shepherd reached its tenth edition in 1750, and has gone through a great many more since ; while its popularity is still quite vigorous and likely to last. It was the first Scottish poem that inspired a native artist to produce illustrations worthy of the poetry ; and the edition of 1788, published by the well-known R. and A. Foulis, of Glasgow, and illustrated by David Allan, is unique as a purely native product of Scottish poetry and art.

Nor is there any other Scottish poem, and few poems in any language, that have been the subject of so much unqualified praise. Lord Woodhouselee, whose analysis of Ramsay's writings is the most elaborate and discriminating to which they have been subjected, after comparing The Gentle Shepherd with the most celebrated European pastoral dramas—those of Tasso and Guarini—comes to the conclusion, that, “if truth to nature is to be made the standard of excellence, this excels all the pastorals that ever were written. The test which,” he remarks, “is the surest criterion of its merits, *as a true delineation of nature*, is that it is universally relished and admired by that class of people whose habits of life and manners are there described.” As an instance of the range of its influence, he states, on the authority of a near relative of Dr Arbuthnot, that Pope was particularly delighted with it, and was wont to make Arbuthnot explain to him those passages he could not easily understand. Its reception by Dr Johnson, if different, was characteristic. “I spoke,” says Boswell, “of The Gentle Shepherd as the best pastoral that ever was written, not only abounding in beautiful rural imagery, and just and pleasing sentiments, but a real

picture of manners ; and offered to teach Dr Johnson to understand it. 'No, sir ! I wont learn. You shall retain your superiority by my not knowing it.'"

Dr Currie happily remarks, "that no poem ever, perhaps, acquired so high a reputation, in which truth received so little embellishment from the imagination ;" and "Christopher North" in his "Recreations," speaking of Theocritus, says : "But all his dear 'Idyls' together are not equal in worth to the single 'Gentle Shepherd' of Allan Ramsay." Tennant, who, on account of his extensive acquaintance with foreign literature, especially that of Italy, and as the author of "Anster Fair," a work which presents a more varied picture of Scottish manners and customs than *The Gentle Shepherd*, though not so well known, "has no hesitation in asserting that it is one of the best pastoral dramas in European literature." Comparing it with the masterpieces of the Italians, he says that, "while they contain more invention and splendour, and variety of incident and of dialogue, than our Scottish drama, they have also more conceit and flimsiness of sentiment, and more artifice of language." Reviewing a reprint of Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany" in December, 1872, "The Athenæum" remarks : "His fame, however, will rest upon his 'Gentle Shepherd.' Here, simplicity and nature, shrewdness and humour, are never lost sight of, and many of the lines are become familiar quotations."* It has even been insinuated that Ramsay's genius was not equal to its production, and that at least he must have been assisted by his friends. Lord Hailes objects, that "those who thus try to

* For detailed criticisms of *The Gentle Shepherd*, see *Beattie's Essays*, p. 652, 1776 ; *Tytler's Poetical Remains of James I.*, p. 189 ; *Blair's Lectures on Rhetoric* ; *Ancient Scottish Poems*, 1786 ; *Ritson's Historical Essay on Scottish Song* ; *Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo de' Medici* ; *Ramsay's Works*, 2 vols., 1800 ; *Gentle Shepherd*, Scenery edition, 1808 ; *Campbell's British Poetry*, 1819 ; *A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla*, by Leigh Hunt, p. 106, 1848.

depreciate his fame, ought first to prove that his friends and patrons were capable of composing the 'Gentle Shepherd.'"

On its completion, Ramsay rested his muse for some time, and, in 1726, while the second edition was passing through the press of his friend Thomas Ruddiman, he changed his shop from the sign of the "Mercury," opposite Niddry's Wynd, to one in the east end of the Luckenbooths.* Here discarding his first patron divinity—the motive for which it would be as curious to know, as it would be to know for which of his various attributes he first set him over his door—he substituted the heads of Drummond of Hawthornden, and Ben Jonson. His new shop was in what was then the central point of Edinburgh, in the immediate vicinity of the Cross, the open space round which was the lounging resort of motley groups of all ranks and callings. In this advantageous position, almost in the centre of the High Street, it became the resort of all classes, and especially the *literati* and fashionable wits of the time.

It was here that Ramsay was visited by Gay, to whom, from the door, he delighted to point out the local celebrities, and afterwards, in the inner recesses of his sanctum, to explain such passages of *The Gentle Shepherd* as Gay wished to explain to Pope, who, he was delighted to know, was a great admirer of it. Here, too, he commenced his Circulating Library—said to be the first established in Britain—evincing his commercial sagacity and shrewdness in supplying a public want, as well as setting an example as a pioneer in the diffusion of knowledge, which increases his claims upon the gratitude of posterity. That the library was successful appears from Woodrow, who notes that in 1728 the magistrates, alarmed at the effects of this kind of reading upon the minds of youth, made an unsuccessful effort to put it down. A most

* The 1st Edition bears on its imprint to have been issued from here in 1725, yet all the Lives assign the change to the date in the text.

honourable tribute to his genius, about this time, was the dedication, by Hogarth, to Allan Ramsay, of Edinburgh, and William Wood, of Great Houghton, of his illustrations to Butler's "*Hudibras*."

With the poems which he wrote since the publication of the collection of 1721, he, in 1728, issued a second volume in quarto, and in 1729 in octavo. Both volumes were reproduced by the London booksellers in 1731, and an edition appeared in Dublin in 1733—tokens of the spread of his fame, which are said to have given him much satisfaction. While preparing his second volume for the press, it appears, from a rhyming epistle "*To his Friends in Ireland*," that a report had reached them of his having died ; whereupon they wrote some elegies appropriate to the supposed sad event. Whether the rumour be one of his own jocular conceits or not, there are no means of ascertaining ; but the epistle to which it is made to serve as the occasion, gives us some of those glimpses which enable us to see the man.

" Banish all your care and grieving,
Allan's hale, and well, and living ;
Early up on morning's shining,
Ilka fancy warm refining ;
Giving ilka verse a burnish
That maun second volume furnish,
To bring in frae lord and lady,
Meikle fame, and part of ready."

After issuing the second volume of his poems, he wrote one of his rhyming epistles to Somerville, the author of "*The Chase*," which led to the interchange of some poetical compliments without eliciting anything characteristic on Ramsay's part, or of any consequence on the part of his poetical correspondent. In 1730 he published his *Collection of Fables*, some of which he says "are taken from *la Fontaine* and *la Motte*, whom I have endeavoured to make speak Scots with as much ease as I can ; at the same time aiming at the spirit

of these eminent authors without being too servile a translator." Having dilated upon the moral instruction to be got from fables, he stops short, as if to answer some one who suggests that his interest in the matter is simply to turn a penny by them. With charming candour, and equally charming naivete, he condones the soft impeachment thus: "Positively I dare not altogether deny this, no more than if I were a clergyman or physician; and although all of us love to be serviceable to the world, even for the sake of bare naked virtue, yet approbation and encouragement make our dilligence still more delightful."

His songs, written at intervals during the whole of his writing career, exhibit varying degrees of merit—some being excellent, and others poor and affected—his best being those in which character and humour predominate. His imitations of Horace, which have been classed among his lyrics, contain some of his happiest short pieces, and exhibit him in his most natural moods. His last piece of literary work was his collection of "*Scots Proverbs*," a congenial task, for which he was admirably qualified. Urging their study upon his readers in his wonted style, he says: "Use your een, and lend your lugs to these guid auld says that shine with wailed sense, and will as lang as the world wags." The issue of his proverbs in 1736 brings him to the end of his literary career, in the 50th year of his age; and a letter from his pen, dated 10th May of this year, to his friend Smibert, the painter, then settled in America, is at once so excellent a specimen of Scotch colloquiality—so like the man—and authentic data for some family particulars which have not hitherto been noticed, that it needs no apology for giving it in full:—

"MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—Your health and happiness are ever ane addition to my satisfaction. God make your life ever easy and pleasant. Half a century of years have now

row'd o'er my pow; yes, row'd o'er my pow, that begins now to be lyart; yet, thanks to my Author, I can eat, drink, and sleep as sound as I did twenty years syne; yes, I laugh heartily, too, and find as many subjects to employ that faculty upon as ever; fools, fops, and knaves grow as rank as formerly; yet here and there are to be found good and worthy men who are an honour to human life. We have small hopes of seeing you again in our old world; then let us be virtuous, and hope to meet in heaven. My good auld wife is still my bedfellow; my son Allan has been pursuing your science since he was a dozen years auld—was with Mr Hyssing at London for some time, about two years ago—has been since at home, painting here like a Raphael: sets out for the seat of the beast beyond the Alps, within a month hence—to be away for two years. I'm sweer* to part with him, but canna stem the current which flows from the advice of his patrons and his own inclinations. I have three daughters—one of 17 one of 16 and one of 12 years old, and no waly-dragle† amang them—all fine girls. These six or seven years past I have not wrote a line of poetry. I e'en gave o'er in good time, before the coolness of fancy that attends advanced years should make me risk the reputation I had acquired.

Frae twenty-five to five-and-forty,
My muse was nowther sweer nor dorty;
My Pegasus wad break his tether
E'en at the shagging ‡ of a feather.
An' thro' ideas scour like drift,
Streaking § his wings up to the lift,
Then, then my saul was in a low
That gart my numbers safely row;
But eild and judgment 'gin to say,
Let be your sangs and learn to pray.

I am, Sir, your friend and servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY."

* Unwilling.

† Useless, feeble, or ill-grown person.

‡ Shaking.

§ Stretching.

In addition to the family picture given in the foregoing letter, the following particulars may help to realize his domestic surroundings, as he now appeared in the cloudless autumn of his life, enjoying the fruits of the steady and successful industry of his youth and manhood. His son, Allan, born in October 1713, a year after his parents' marriage, and inheriting much of his father's genius, was now successfully prosecuting his profession of artist, in the study of which he received every advantage. He afterwards rose to such eminence as to be appointed portrait painter to King George III., with whom he was on the most friendly terms. He was held in great esteem by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and might even have attained to greater fame as an artist had he been less of a scholar and poet. It is noted by "The Athenæum" writer, already referred to, that, "he was so temperate in his habits as to be almost a teetotaller at a time when to be sober exposed a man to ridicule. He was in every sense a noble fellow; and died in 1784 in the arms of his son Major General Ramsay." After Allan he had three children, a son and two daughters, born successively in 1714, 1715, and 1716, who, it is presumed, died early; the three daughters mentioned in his letter to Smibert being born in 1719, 1720, and 1724. The last of his children, a daughter, born in 1725, must also have died previous to the date of that letter.

But his autumn was not to pass without its equinoctial gales. That he very early acquired a taste for theatrical representation may be inferred from his having written a prologue, which was recited at the acting of "The Orphans," in Edinburgh in 1719. He appears to have always looked upon the stage as a means of recreation, if not of instruction, deserving to be encouraged, and which might also be made a source of profit as well as of entertainment. Actuated by some such ideas and motives, he, in 1736, built in Carrubber's Close, at "vast expense, a new playhouse," in which he pro-

posed, that "his troop should only preach from moral fable, the best instruction they were able." The magistrates, however, did not consider it for the good of the lieges that Allan's preaching should be tolerated, and took advantage of the act for licensing the theatre, passed in 1737, to shut up his temple before the preaching was little more than begun.

From the number and titles of the poetical lampoons, issued on the occasion, the spirit of vulgar fanaticism would seem to have broke loose; and Ramsay was made the victim of its unreasoning fury. His own account of the matter he laid before the Hon. Duncan Forbes, Lord President of the Court of Session, and the other judges, in a poetical petition, which, as might be expected, is not in his happiest vein. That the miscarriage of his design involved him in heavy loss must be obvious; and from a private letter to the Lord President, found in the MS. collection of Cullo-den House, it would seem that his bookselling business, too, shared the effects of the rancour directed against his theatrical project. "Here," he says, "I pass a sort of half idle life, tending a trifling trade that scarce affords me the needful. Had I not got a parcel of guineas from you and such as you, who were pleased to patronize my subscriptions, I should not have a grey groat. I think shame, but why should I? when I open my mind to one of your goodness, to hint that I want some small commission when it shall happen to fall in your way to put me into it." The subscriptions referred to must have been for seats in the theatre, which was advertised in "The Caledonian Mercury" to be opened on 1st November 1736.

Ramsay now devoted himself entirely to the interests of his business, and left the magistrates in their zeal for the suppression of such entertainments, as he wished to provide, to be overreached by less scrupulous opponents, who, in 1741, evaded the Licensing Act by establishing a theatre, under the

guise of a concert room. A circumstance is related by Wilson, in his "Memorials of Edinburgh," and which, if true, must be referred to about this time, viz: "that Allan applied to the crown for 'as much ground on the Castle-hill as would serve to build a cage for his *bird*,' meaning his wife, to whom he was warmly attached." Whether the application, in the terms quoted, be one of those characteristic pleasantries which his witty friends were fond of attributing to him, or whether the site was a grant from the crown, in consideration of the loss he incurred through the suppression of his theatre, we have no means of ascertaining; yet certain it is that about 1744 he built upon the north slope of the Castle-hill the building still known as Ramsay Lodge; although if intended for his wife's comfort, she can hardly have seen the beginning of it, as she died in 1743, and was buried in Greyfriars Church-yard, on the 28th March of that year.

It is said that he was his own architect, which is more than probable, and if in the design he had shown half as much taste as in the selection of the site it could hardly have become the subject of his friends' jokes. That of Lord Elbank, though considerably overrated, has become so intimately associated with it, that it could hardly be omitted in connection. His Lordship one day visiting at this somewhat fantastical mansion, and while being shown over it, was informed by the poet, who relished a joke even at his own expense, that the city wags had compared it to a goose-pie: "Indeed, Allan," he replied, "now that I see you in it, I think the term not inappropriately applied." Here, after his wife's death, he resided, accompanied by his three daughters, none of whom were married.

An unexpected glimpse of him, by his own pen, "From my Bower on the Castle Bank of Edinburgh, March 10th 1747," is obtained from some verses which accompanied a present of his Poems to Dr Boswell, uncle of Johnson's biographer, sent by a descendant of the Doctor to "The

Athenæum" of October 10, 1874. They bear unmistakeable marks of their origin, the last three stanzas being specially characteristic, and interesting in reference to the point in his life to which our narrative is brought down.

"From my first setting out in Rhime,
neer fourty years have wheeld,
Like Israel's Sons, so long a Time
through fancy's wiles I've reeld.

May powers propitious by me stand,
since it is all my claim,
As they enjoyed their promised land,
may I my promised fame.

While blythness then on health attends,
and love on Beautys young,
My merry Tales shall have their friends,
and Sonnets shall be sung."

Having, about 1755, given up business entirely, he spent a great deal of his time after in the company of his friends Sir John Clerk of Pennycuik, and Sir Alexander Dick of Prestonfield, who not only respected him for the ingenuous openness of his character, but delighted in his quaint wit and humour. Nor was he less made of by his city friends, whose children, especially in his latter years, it was his pleasure to entertain about his house. It was his delight to give them Juvenile parties, a fact of which Dr Robert Chambers, in 1825, was informed by Mrs Murray of Henderland, who knew Ramsay during the last ten years of his life, and now near her hundredth year, spoke with animation of the charming manner with which he entered into their amusements and gained their hearts. She spoke of him as the most amiable man she had ever known, remarking that his cheerfulness and lively conversational powers made him a favourite among persons of rank whose guest he frequently was.

In May 1755 he wrote James Clerk, Esq. of Pennycuik, what may be considered the last of his rhymed epistles. After some preliminary remarks he observes :

“ And now in years and sense grown auld,
In ease I like my limbs to fauld.
Debts I abhor, and plan to be
Frae shakling trade and danger free;
That I may, loose frae care and strife,
With calmness view the edge of life;
And when a full ripe age shall crave
Slide easily unto my grave.
Now seventy years are o’er my head
And thirty more may lay me dead.

While thus pleasantly jesting about the addition of other thirty years to his already completed three-score-and-ten, in less than three he was laid beside his *guid auld wife* in the Greyfriars Church-yard. He died from an affection of scurvy in the gums, on the 7th, and was buried on the 9th January 1758, in his 72nd year.

Of his personal appearance and habits, he has himself given several particulars, which confirm the report of those who knew him. In height he was only five feet four inches, of a swarthy complexion, active and tidy in his habits, fond of his food and his drink, yet averse to gluttony and drunkenness. Laterly he inclined to corpulence, and is described by a contemporary as “a squat man with a big paunch and a smiling countenance, who wore a fair round wig which was rather short.”

His vanity, which certainly appeared a very prominent feature of his character, was probably not in excess of that of most men who have won equal fame, but allied to his frank and genial disposition, was less under control; yet, being without pride or affectation, it avoided giving offence either in his writings or conversation.

To the formation of religious and political opinions, it is doubtful if he ever applied himself with sufficient earnestness to have very decided convictions, and his times presented aspects, in both directions, which did not make the study inviting for one of his disposition. He records himself that he

was neither Whig nor Tory; but Chalmers, in a note to this, says that he was a zealous Tory from principle, but being much caressed by Baron Clerk, and other gentlemen of opposite principles, made him affect outward neutrality.

Ramsay's character as a poet has been already indicated in the detailed estimate of his different poems. That his genius was special, must be admitted; as must also the fact, that its speciality was not in the highest sphere of the divine art; but his right to a place in the highest order of that specialty must be conceded, till productions of greater merit shall have consigned him to a lower rank.

Any one who compares Ramsay's works with those of Burns, and other writers of modern Scotch literature, will at once see how much of the initial work is due to him—work for which none of them was so specially qualified. Had Burns appeared at Ramsay's time, and in Ramsay's circumstances, it is more than likely that he would have met the fate of poor Ferguson, before he had produced any of those unrivalled songs which will ever remain among the noblest gems of our literature. It is greatly to the credit of Ramsay's character that he kept the golden mean in his conduct, amidst a state of society the most dangerous to a young man with natural sociability, and that, while enjoying himself to the full, he found time, amid the engagements of an exacting occupation, for prosecuting his literary studies so as to have left, not only a large number of poetical pieces of great merit, but to have pointed the way, in the various directions, in which the future genius of his country was to make her fame familiar to the world.

Conjuring up thy kindly, benignant, good-natured, humorous, but somewhat odd personality, we are constrained to say, thy country owes thee much, and to add the hope that she may not forget her indebtedness!

J. R.

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
S U S A N N A
COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN.*

MADAM,—The love of approbation and a desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the Poets to finish their designs with cheerfulness. But, conscious of their own inability to oppose a storm of spleen and haughty ill-nature, it is generally an ingenious custom amongst them to chose some honourable shade.

Wherefore, I beg to put my Pastoral under your Ladyship's protection. If my Patroness says the Shepherds speak as they ought, and that there are several natural flowers that beautify the rural wild, I shall have good reason to think myself safe from the awkward censure of some pretending judges that condemn before examination.

I am sure of vast numbers that will crowd into your Lady-

* This distinguished lady, celebrated for her beauty and intellectual accomplishments, was visited by Johnson and Boswell when in her eighty-fifth year. Johnson was so impressed with the vigour of her understanding, and the dignity of her bearing, that he remarked, in reference to his visit, the day spent in her company was a day well spent. She died in 1780, at the age of ninety-one.

ship's opinion, and think it their honour to agree in their sentiments with the Countess of EGLINTOUN, whose penetration, superior wit, and sound judgment, shine with an uncommon lustre, while accompanied with all the diviner charms of goodness and equality of mind.

If it were not for offending only your Ladyship, here, Madam, I might give the fullest liberty to my muse to delineate the finest of women, by drawing your Ladyship's character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer; since flattery lies not in paying what is due to merit, but in praises misplaced.

Were I to begin with your Ladyship's honourable birth and alliance, the field is ample, and presents us with numberless great and good patriots that have dignified the names of Kennedy and Montgomery: be that the care of the herald and historian. 'Tis personal merit, and the heavenly sweetness of the fair, that inspire the tuneful lays. Here every Lesbia must be excepted whose tongues give liberty to the slaves which their eyes had made captives; such may be flattered: but your Ladyship justly claims our admiration and profoundest respect; for, whilst you are possessed of every outward charm in the most perfect degree, the never-fading beauties of wisdom and piety, which adorn your Ladyship's mind, command devotion.

"All this is very true," cries a Sour-plum of better sense than good nature, "but what occasion have you to tell us the sun shines, when we have the use of our eyes and feel his influence?"—Very true; but I have the liberty to use the

Poet's privilege, which is, "to speak what everybody thinks." Indeed, there might be some strength in the reflection if the Idalian registers were of as short duration as life ; but the bard who fondly hopes immortality, has a certain praiseworthy pleasure in communicating to posterity the fame of distinguished characters.—I write this last sentence with a hand that trembles between hope and fear. But if I should prove so happy as to please your Ladyship in the following attempt, then all my doubts shall vanish like a morning vapour :—I shall hope to be classed with Tasso and Guarini, and sing with Ovid,

“ If 'tis allowed to Poets to divine,
One half of round eternity is mine.”

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's most obedient,

And most devoted Servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

EDINBURGH,

25th June, 1725.

THE PERSONS.

MEN.

SIR WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, *The Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.*

ROGER, *a rich young shepherd in love with Jenny.*

SYMON, } *two old shepherds, tenants to Sir William.*
GLAUD, }

BAULDY, *a hind engaged with Neps.*

WOMEN.

PEGGY, *thought to be Glaud's niece.*

JENNY, *Glaud's only daughter.*

MAUSE, *an old women supposed to be a witch.*

ELSPA, *Symon's wife.*

MADGE, *Glaud's sister.*

SCENE—*

A Shepherds' Village, and Fields some few miles from
Edinburgh.

Time of Action within twenty-four hours.

First Act begins at eight in the morning.

Second Act begins at eleven in the forenoon.

Third Act begins at four in the afternoon.

Fourth Act begins at nine o'clock at night.

Fifth Act begins by day light next morning.

* See note at page 98.

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

ACT FIRST.—SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*Beneath the south side of a craigy bield,
Where crystal springs the halesome waters yield,
Twa youthfu' shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring;
But blither Patie likes to laugh and sing.*

PATIE AND ROGER.

SANG I.

TUNE,—“*The wauking of the faulds.*”

Patie sings.

MY Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet weel I like to meet her at
The wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my spirits glow,
 At wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 It makes me blithe and bauld,
And naething gies me sic delight,
 As wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 And in her sangs are tauld,
With innocence, the wale of sense,
 At wauking of the fauld.

Pat. This sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
And puts all nature in a jovial mood.
How heartsome 'tis to see the rising plants,
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants!
How halesome 'tis to snuff the cauler air,
And all the sweets it bears, when void of care!
What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?
Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain.

Rog. I'm born, O Patie! to a thrawart fate;
I'm born to strive with hardships sad and great:
Tempest may cease to jaw the rowin' flood,
Corbies and tods to grein for lambkins' blood;
But I, opprest with never-ending grief,
Maun aye despair of lighting on relief.

Pat. The bees shall loathe the flower, and quit the
hive,
The saughs on boggie ground shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornfu' queans, or loss of warldly gear,
Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Rog. Sae might I say; but it's no easy done
By ane whase saul is sadly out of tune.
You have sae saft a voice, and slid a tongue,
You are the darling of baith auld and young.
If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek,
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing thought:
Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a lass's ee.
For ilka sheep ye have I'll number ten,
And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Pat. But ablins, neibour, ye have not a heart,
And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part;
If that be true, what signifies your gear?
A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

Rog. My byre tumbled, nine braw nowt were smoor'd
Three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endured:
In winter last, my cares were very sma',
Tho' scores of wathers perish'd in the snaw.

Pat. Were your bein rooms as thinly stock'd as mine
Less you wad loss, and less you wad repine.
He that has just enough can soundly sleep;
The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.

Rog. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou may'st thole the pangs of mony a loss:
O may'st thou doat on some fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan drouth to quench,
'Till, bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool,
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool!

Pat. Sax good fat lambs, I sauld them ilka clute
At the West-port, and bought a winsome flute,
Of plum-tree made, with iv'ry virles round;
A dainty whistle, with a pleasant sound:
I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool,
Than you, with all your cash, ye dowie fool!

Rog. Na, Patie, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast,
Some other thing lies heavier at my breast:
I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
That gars my flesh a' creep yet with the fright.

Pat. Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens:
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride.
Take courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but yoursell.

Rog. Indeed now, Patie, ye have guess'd owre true,
And there is naething I'll keep up frac you.
Me dorty Jenny looks upon asquint;
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint:

In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bumbaz'd, and unco blate.
But yesterday I met her 'yont a knowe,
She fled as frae a shelly-coated cow.
She Bauldy loes, Bauldy that drives the car,
But gecks at me, and says I smell of tar.

Pat. But Bauldy loes not her, right well I wat:
He sighs for Neps;—sae that may stand for that.

Rog. I wish I cou'dna loe her—but in vain,
I still maun doat, and thole her proud disdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,
E'en while he fawn'd, she strak the poor dumb tyke:
If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad have shown mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
With a' her face she shaws a cauldriife scorn.
Last night I play'd—ye never heard sic spite,—
O'er Bogie was the spring, and her delight;
Yet tauntingly she at her cousin speer'd,
Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

Pat. E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help misluck?
Saebeins she be sic a thrawn-gabbit chuck,
Yonder's a craig, since ye have tint all hope,
Gae till't your ways, and take the lover's lowp.

Rog. I needna mak' sic speed my blood to spill,
I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

Pat. Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whinging way;
Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.

Hear how I serv'd my lass I love as weel
As ye do Jenny, and with heart as leel:
Last morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dike I lean'd glowring about,
I saw my Meg come linkan o'er the lea;
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me;
For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,
And she was close upon me ere she wist:
Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs, that whiter were than snaw:
Her cockernony snooded up fou sleek,
Her haffet-locks hung waving on her cheek;
Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her een sae clear,
And Oh! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green.
Blithesome I cry'd, "My bonny Meg, come here,
I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon asteer;
But I can guess, ye're gawn to gather dew:"
She scour'd awa, and said, "What's that to you?"
"Then fare ye well, Meg Dorts, and e'en's ye like,"
I careless cried, and lap in o'er the dike.
I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
She came with a right thieveless errand back;
Misca'd me first,—then bade me hound my dog,
To wear up three waff ewes stray'd on the bog.
I leugh, and sae did she; then with great haste
I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist;
About her yielding waist, and took a fouth
Of sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
My very saul came lowping to my lips.

Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack,
But well I kent she meant nae as she spak.
Dear Roger, when your joe puts on her gloom,
Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb :
Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood ;
Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wud.

SANG II.

TUNE,—“ *Fy, gar rub her o'er wi' strae.* ”

Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And answer kindness with a slight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in a man delight ;
But them despise who're soon defeat,
And, with a simple face give way
To a repulse ;—then be not blate,
Push bauldly on, and win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But tent the language of their een :
If these agree, and she persist
To answer all your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

Rog. Kind Patie, now fair fa' your honest heart,
Ye're aye sae cadgy, and have sic an art
To hearten ane ; for now as clean's a leek,
Ye've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.
Sae, for your pains, I'll mak ye a propine,—

My mother, (rest her saul!) she made it fine,
A tartan plaid, spun of good hawslock woo,
Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue :
With spraings like gowd and siller, cross'd with black;
I never had it yet upon my back.
Weel are ye wordy o't, wha have sae kind
Redd up my ravel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

Pat. Well, haud ye there;—and since ye've frankly
made

A present to me of your braw new plaid,
My flute's be your's, and she too that's sae nice
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

Rog. As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't.
Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny spring;
For I'm in tift to hear you play and sing.

Pat. But first we'll tak a turn up to the height,
And see gif all our flocks be feeding right.
By that time, bannocks and a shave of cheese
Will make a breakfast that a laird might please;
Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae wise,
To season meat with health instead of spice.
When we have ta'en the grace-drink at the well,
I'll whistle syne, and sing t'ye like mysell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*A flow'ry hotom between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claes,
A trotting burnie wimpling thro' the ground,
Its channel pebbles, shining, smooth and round;
Here view twa barefoot beauties clean and clear;
First please your eye, next gratify your ear;
While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
And Meg with better sense true love defends.*

PEGGY AND JENNY.

Jen. Come, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
The shining day will bleach our linen clean;
The water's clear, the lift unclouded blue,
Will make them like a lily wet with dew.

Peg. Gae farer up the burn to Habby's How,
Where a' the sweets of spring and summer grow;
Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin
The water fa's, and makes a singan din;
A pool breast-deep, beneath, as clear as glass,
Kisses with easy whirls the bord'ring grass:
We'll end our washing while the morning's cool,
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
There wash oursells—'tis healthfu' now in May,
And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

Jen. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,
Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,

And see us sae? that jeering fallow Pate
Wad taunting say, "Haith, lasses, ye're no blate."

Peg. We're far frae ony road, and out of sight :
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height :
But tell me now, dear Jenny, (we're our lane)
What gars ye plague your wooer with disdain?
The neibours a' tent this as well as I,
That Roger loes ye, yet ye carena by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jen. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end ;
A herd mair sheepish yet I never ken'd.
He kaims his hair indeed, and gaes right snug,
With ribbon-knots at his blue bonnet lug,
Whilk pensylie he wears a thought a-jee,
And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee.
He falds his owrelay down his breast with care ;
And few gang trigger to the kirk or fair.
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, "*How d'ye,*"—or, "*There's a bonny day.*"

Peg. Ye dash the lad with constant slighting pride ;
Hatred for love is unco sair to bide :
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grows cauld :
What like's a dorty maiden when she's auld?
Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat ;
That for some feckless whim will orp and greet,
The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's past,
And syne the fool-thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or scart anither's leavings at the last.

SANG III.

TUNE,—“*Polwart on the Green.*”

The dorty will repent,
If lover's heart grows cauld,
And nane her smiles will tent,
Soon as her face looks auld.
The dawted bairn thus takes the pet,
Nor eats, tho' hunger crave,
Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
And's laughed at by the lave.
They jest it till the dinner's past;
Thus, by itself abus'd,
The fool-thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or eat what they've refus'd.

Fye, Jenny, think, and dinna sit your time.

Jen. I never thought a single life a crime.

Peg. Nor I,—but love in whispers lets us ken,
That men were made for us, and we for men.

Jen. If Roger is my joe, he kens himsell;
For sic a tale I never heard him tell.
He glowrs and sighs, and I can guess the cause;
But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws?
Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I'se tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're fools that flav'ry like, and may be free:
The chiels may a' knit up themselfs for me.

Peg. Be doing your ways; for me, I have a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jen. Heh, lass! how can you loe that rattle-skull?
A very deil that aye maun hae his will.

We'll soon hear tell what a poor fechtin' life
You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man and wife.

Peg. I'll rin the risk; nor have I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
Till I with pleasure mount my bridal-bed,
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.
There we may kiss as lang as kissing's good,
And what we do, there's nane dare call it rude.
He's get his will: Why no? 'tis good my part
To give him that; and he'll give me his heart.

Jen. He may, indeed, for ten or fifteen days,
Make meikle o' ye, with an unco fraise;
And daut ye baith afore fowk and your lane:
But soon as his newfangleness is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
Instead then of lang days of sweet delight,
Ae day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte:
And may be, in his barlickhoods, ne'er stick
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

SANG IV.

TUNE—"O dear mother, what shall I do?"

O dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust his smiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder luck betide you.
Lasses, when their fancy's carried,
Think of nought but to be married:
Running to a life destroys
Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

Peg. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith to
move

My settl'd mind, I'm owre far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath;
But want of him I dread nae other skaith.
There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een:
And then he speaks with sic a taking art,
His words they thirle like music thro' my heart.
How blithely can he sport, and gently rave,
And jest at feckless fears that fright the lave!
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill;
He is—but what need I say that or this?
I'd spend a month to tell ye what he is!
In a' he says or does, there's sic a gait,
The rest seem coofs compar'd with my dear Pate.
His better sense will lang his love secure:
Ill-nature hefts in sauls that's weak and poor.

SANG V.

TUNE,—“*How can I be sad on my Wedding-day?*”

How shall I be sad, when a husband I hae,
That has better sense than ony of thae
Sour, weak, silly fellows, that study like fools,
To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools.
The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or with dull reproaches encourages strife;
He praises her virtue, and ne'er will abuse
Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

Jen. Hey, "Bonny lass of Branksome!" or't be lang,
Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
O! 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride;
Syne whinging getts, about your ingle-side,
Yelping for this or that with fasheous din:
To mak them brats then ye maun toil and spin.
Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads itsell wi' broe,
Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe;
The "Deil gaes o'er Jock Wabster," hame grows hell,
When Pate misca's ye waur than tongue can tell.

Peg. Yes, 'tis a heartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife.
Gif I'm sae happy, I shall have delight
To hear their little complaints, and keep them right.
Wow! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be,
Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a' they ettle at—their greatest wish,
Is to be made of, and obtain a kiss?
Can there be toil in tenting day and night,
The like of them, when love makes care delight?

Jen. But poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a',
Gif o'er your heads ill chance should beggary draw;
But little love, or canty cheer, can come
Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.
Your nowt may die—the spate may bear away
Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay.—
The thick-blawn wreaths of snaw, or blashy thows,
May smoor your wathers, and may rot your ewes.
A dyvour buys your butter, woo and cheese,
But, or the day of payment, breaks and flees.
With glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent:

'Tis no to gie; your merchant's to the bent :
His honour maunna want, he poinds your gear ;
Syne driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer?
Dear Meg, be wise, and live a single life ;
Troth 'tis nae mows to be a married wife.

Peg. May sic ill luck befa' that silly she.
Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
Let fowk bode well, and strive to do their best ;
Nae mair's requir'd, let heaven make out the rest.
I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
That lads should a' for wives that's virtuous pray ;
For the maist thrifty man could never get
A well stor'd room, unless his wife wad let :
Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part,
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.
Whate'er he wins, I'll guide with canny care,
And win the vogue, at market, tron, or fair,
For halesome, clean, cheap and sufficient ware.
A flock of lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
Shall first be sauld, to pay the laird his due ;
Syne a' behind's our ain.—Thus, without fear,
With love and rowth we thro' the world will steer :
And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

Jen. But what if some young giglet on the green,
With dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
Shou'd gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
And her ken'd kisses, hardly worth a feg?

Peg. Nae mair of that.—Dear Jenny, to be free,
There's some men constanter in love than we :
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind

Has blest them with solidity of mind.
They'll reason calmly, and with kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile.
Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
'Tis ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.
Then I'll employ with pleasure a' my art
To keep him cheerful, and secure his heart.
At e'en, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll have a' things made ready to his will.
In winter, when he toils thro' wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane ;
And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The seething pat's be ready to take aff :
Clean hagabag I'll spread upon his board.
And serve him with the best we can afford ;
Good humour and white bigonets shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jen. A dish of married love right soon grows cauld,
And dosens down to nane, as fowk grow auld.

Peg. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns, and their bairns, make sure a firmer tie,
Than aught in love the like of us can spy.
See yon twa elms that grow up side by side ;
Suppose them, some years syne, bridegroom and bride ;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increased,
And in their mixture now are fully blest.
This, shields the other frae the eastlin blast.
That, in return defends it frae the west.

Sic as stand single,—a state sae liked by you!
Beneath ilk storm, frae every airt, maun bow.

Jen. I've done,—I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield;
Your better sense has fairly won the field,
With the assistance of a little fae
Lies dern'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG VI.

TUNE,—“*Nansy's to the greenwood gane.*”

I yield, dear lassie, ye have won,
And there is nae denying,
That sure as light flows frae the sun,
Frae love proceeds complying.
For a' that we can do or say
'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us,
They ken our bosoms lodge the fae
That by the heart-strings leads us.

Peg. Alake, poor prisoner! Jenny, that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wee thing tak the air:
Haste, let him out, we'll tent as well's we can,
Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.

Jen. Anither time's as good,—for see, the sun
Is right far up, and we're not yet begun
To freath the graith;—if canker'd Madge, our aunt,
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant:
But when we've done, I'll tell you a' my mind;
For this seems true,—nae lass can be unkind.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.—SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*A snug thack house, before the door a green ;
Hens on the midden, ducks in dubs are seen :
On this side stands a barn, on that a byre ;
A peat-stack joins, and forms a rural square.
The house is Glaud's ;— There you may see him lean,
And to his divot-seat invite his frien'.*

GLAUD AND SYMON.

Glaud.

GOOD-MORROW, neibour, Symon : come, sit down
And gie's your cracks.—What's a' the news in town ?
They tell me ye was in the ither day,
And sald your crummock and her bassen'd quey.
I'll warrant ye've coft a pund of cut and dry ;
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

Sym. With a' my heart ;—and tent me now, auld boy,
I've gather'd news will kittle your mind with joy.
I cou'dna rest till I came o'er the burn,
To tell ye things have taken sic a turn,
Will gar our vile oppressors stend like flaes,
And skulk in hidlings on the heather braes.

Glaud. Fye, blaw ! Ah ! Symie, rattling chiels ne'er
stand
To cleck and spread the grossest lies aff-hand,
Whilk soon flies round like will-fire far and near :
But loose your poke, be't true or fause, let's hear.

Sym. Seeing's believing, Glaud, and I have seen
Hab, that abroad has with our master been;
Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled,
And left a fair estate to save his head;
Because ye ken fu' well he bravely chose
To stand his liege's friend with great Montrose.
Now Cromwell's gane to Nick; and ane ca'd Monk
Has play'd the Rumble a right slee begunk,
Restor'd King Charles, and ilka thing's in tune;
And Habby says, we'll see Sir William soon.

Glaud. That makes me blithe indeed! but dinna flaw:
Tell o'er your news again, and swear till't a'.
And saw ye Hab? and what did Halbert say?
They have been e'en a dreary time away.
Now God be thankèd that our laird's come hame!
And his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

Sym. They that hag-raid us till our guts did grane,
Like greedy bears, dare nae mair do't again;
And good Sir William sall enjoy his ain.

SANG VII.

TUNE,—“*Cauld kail in Aberdeen.*”

Cauld be the rebels cast,
Oppressors base and bloody;
I hope we'll see them at the last
Strung a' up in a woody.

Blest be he of worth and sense,
And ever high in station,
That bravely stands in the defence
Of conscience, king, and nation.

Glaud. And may he lang; for never did he stent
Us in our thriving, with a racket rent;
Nor grumbl'd if ane grew rich; nor shor'd to raise
Our mailens, when we put on Sunday's claes.

Sym. Nor wad he lang, with senseless saucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare:
“Put on your bonnet, Symon;—tak a seat:—
How's all at hame?—How's Elspa? How does Kate?
How sells black cattle?—What gies woo this year?”
And sic like kindly questions wad he speer.

SANG VIII.

TUNE,—“*Mucking of Geordy's Byre.*”

The laird who in riches and honour
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor tenants who labour
To rise aboon poverty;
Else like the pack-horse that's unfother'd,
And burden'd, will tumble down faint:
Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,
And rackers aft tine their rent.

Glaud. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
The nappy bottle ben, and glasses clean,
Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blithesome flame,
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart's e'en rais'd! Dear neighbour, will ye stay,
And tak your dinner here with me the day?
We'll send for Elspath too—and upo' sight,
I'll whistle Pate and Roger frae the height:
I'll yoke my sled, and send to the neist town,
And bring a draught of ale baith stout and brown:

And gar our cottars a', man, wife and wean,
Drink till they tine the gait to stand their lane.

Sym. I wad na baulk my friend his blithe design,
Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine :
For here-yestreen I brew'd a bow of maut,
Yestreen I slew twa wathers prime and fat ;
A firlof of good cakes my Elspa beuk,
And a large ham hings reesting in the neuk :
I saw mysell, or I came o'er the loan,
Our meikle pot that scads the whey, put on,
A mutton bouk to boil :—and ane we'll roast ;
And on the haggis Elspa spares nae cost ;
Sma' are they shorn, and she can mix fu' nice
The gusty ingans with a curn of spice :
Fat are the puddings,—heads and feet well sung.
And we've invited neibours auld and young,
To pass this afternoon with glee and game,
And drink our master's health and welcome-hame.
Ye maunna then refuse to join the rest,
Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best :
Bring wi' ye a' your family ; and then,
Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

Glaud. Spoke like yersell, auld birky ; never fear
But at your banquet I shall first appear :
Faith we shall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.—
Auld, said I !—troth I'm younger be a score,
With your good news, than what I was before.
I'll dance or e'en !—Hey, Madge ! come forth : d'ye
hear?
[Enter Madge.]

Mad. The man's gane gyte! Dear Symon, welcome here.

What wad ye, Glaud, with a' this haste and din?
Ye never let a body sit to spin.

Glaud. Spin! snuff!—Gae break your wheel, and
burn your tow,
And set the meiklest peat-stack in a low;
Syne dance about the bane-fire till ye die,
Since now again we'll soon Sir William see.

Mad. Blithe news indeed! and wha was't tald you o't?

Glaud. What's that to you? gae get my Sunday's
coat;
Wale out the whitest of my bobbit bands,
My white-skin hose, and mittans for my hands;
Then frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,
And mak yoursells as trig, head, feet, and waist,
As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en;
For we're gaun o'er to dine with Sym bedeen.

Sym. Do, honest Madge:—and, Glaud, I'll o'er
the gate,
And see that a' be done as I wad hae't

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*The open field.—A cottage in a glen,
An auld wife spinning at the sunny end.—
At a small distance, by a blasted tree,
With falded arms, and half rais'd look, ye see*

Bauldy his lane.

What's this !—I canna bear't ! 'tis waur than hell
To be sae burnt with love, yet darna tell !
O Peggy ! sweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens, or new-mawn hay ;
Blither than lambs that frisk out o'er the knowes ;
Straighter than aught that in the forest grows :
Her een the clearest blob of dew outshines ;
The lily in her breast its beauty tines.
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen !
For Pate loes her,—waes me ! and she loes Pate ;
And I with Neps, by some unlucky fate,
Made a daft vow :—O, but ane be a beast
That makes rash aiths till he's afore the priest !
I darna speak my mind, else a' the three,
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.
'Tis sair to thole :—I'll try some witchcraft art,
To break with ane, and win the other's heart.
Here Mausy lives, a witch, that for sma' price
Can cast her cantraips, and give me advice.

She can o'ercast the night, and cloud the moon,
And mak the deils obedient to her crune.
At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yard she raves,
And howks unchristen'd wean's out of their graves;
Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow,
Rins withershins about the hemlock low;
And seven times does her prayers backward pray,
Till Plotcock comes with lumps of Lapland clay,
Mixt with the venom of black taid and snakes:
Of this, unsonsy pictures aft she makes
Of ony ane she hates—and gars expire
With slow and racking pains afore a fire;
Stuck fu' of prins, the devilish pictures melt;
The pain, by fowk they represent, is felt.
And yonder's Mause: ay, ay, she kens fu' weel,
When ane like me comes rinning to the deil.
She and her cat sit beeking in her yard,
To speak my errand, faith amaist I'm fear'd:
But I maun do't, tho' I should never thrive;
They gallop fast that deils and lasses drive.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

*A green kail-yard, a little fount,
Where water-poplan springs;
There sits a wife with wrinkled front,
And yet she spins and sings.*

SANG IX.

TUNE,—“ *Carle, an the King come.*”

MAUSE.

Peggy, now the King's come,
Peggy, now the King's come;
Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
Peggy, since the King's come.
Nae mair the hawkies shalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiden coat for silk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, Peggy, since the King's come.

Enter Bauldy.

Baul. How does auld honest lucky of the glen?
Ye look baith hale and fere at threescore-ten.

Mause. E'en twining out a thread with little din,
And beeking my cauld limbs afore the sun.
What brings my bairn this gate sae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead?—to thresh nae corn?

Baul. Enough of baith: but something that requires
Your helping hand, employs now all my cares.

Mause. My helping hand, alake ! what can I do,
That underneath baith eild and poortith bow?

Baul. Ay, but ye're wise, and wiser far than we,
Or maist part of the parish tells a lie.

Mause. Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm possest,
That lifts my character aboon the rest?

Baul. The word that gangs, how ye're sae wise and
fell,
Ye'll may be take it ill gif I should tell.

Mause. What fowk say of me, Bauldy, let me hear;
Keep naething up, ye naething have to fear.

Baul. Well, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilk ane talks about ye, but a flaw.
When last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn;
When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn;
When Brawny, elf-shot, never mair came hame;
When Tibby kirk'd, and there nae butter came;
When Bessy Freetock's chuffy-cheeked wean
To a fairy turn'd, and cou'dna stand its lane;
When Wattie wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,
And tint himsell amaist amang the snaw;
When Mungo's mare stood still, and swat with fright,
When he brought east the howdy under night;
When Bawsy shot to dead upon the green,
And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen;
You, lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out,
And ilk ane here dreads you a' round about;
And sae they may that mint to do ye skaith;
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith;

But when I neist mak groats, I'll strive to please
You with a firlof of them, mixt with pease.

Mause. I thank ye, lad;—now tell me your demand,
And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Baul. Then, I like Peggy;—Neps is fond of me;—
Peggy likes Pate;—and Patie's bauld and slee,
And loes sweet Meg;—but Neps I downa see.—
Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and then
Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happiest man.

Mause. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right;
Sae gang your ways, and come again at night;
'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare,
Worth all your pease and groats; tak ye nae care.

Baul. Well, Mause, I'll come, gif I the road can find;
But if ye raise the deil, he'll raise the wind;
Syne rain and thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
Will make the night sae mirk, I'll tine the gate.
We're a' to rant in Symie's at a feast,
O! will ye come like badrans, for a jest;
And there ye can our different 'haviours spy;
There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

Mause. 'Tis like I may,—but let na on what's past
'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle cast.

Baul. If I aught of your secrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to France.

[*Exit Bauldy.*]

Mause, her lane.

Hard luck, alake! when poverty and eild,
Weeds out of fashion, and a lanely bield,

With a sma' cast of wiles, should in a twitch,
 Gie ane the hatefu' name, "a wrinkled witch."
 This fool imagines, as do mony sic,
 That I'm a wretch in compact with Auld Nick;
 Because by education I was taught
 To speak and act aboon their common thought.
 Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear;
 Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here;
 Nane kens but me,—and if the morn were come,
 I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

*Behind a tree, upon the plain,
 Pate and his Peggy meet;
 In love, without a vicious stain,
 The bonny lass and cheerful swain
 Change vows and kisses sweet.*

PATIE AND PEGGY.

Peg. O Patie, let me gang, I maunna stay,
 We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny she's away.

Pat. I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're alane,
 And Roger he's awa with Jenny gane:
 They're as content, for aught I hear or see,
 To be alane themsells, I judge, as we.
 Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
 Hard by this little burnie let us lean:
 Hark, how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
 How saft the westlin winds sough thro' the reeds!

Peg. The scented meadows, birds, and healthy breeze,
For aught I ken, may mair than Peggy please.

Pat. Ye wrang me sair, to doubt my being kind;
In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull and blind;
Gif I cou'd fancy ought's sae sweet or fair
As my dear Meg, or worthy of my care.
Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier,
Thy cheek and breast the finest flowers appear:
Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes,
That warble thro' the merle or mavis' throats:
With thee I tent nae flowers that busk the field,
Or ripest berries that our mountains yield:
The sweetest fruits that hing upon the tree,
Are far inferior to a kiss of thee.

Peg. But Patrick for some wicked end may fleech,
And lambs should tremble when the foxes preach.
I darna stay; ye joker, let me gang,
Anither lass may gar ye change your sang;
Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang.

Pat. Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
And wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap;
The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease;
The gaits to clim, the sheep to yield the fleece,
Ere aught by me be either said or done,
Shall skaith our love;—I swear by all aboon.

Peg. Then keep your aith.—But mony lads will swear,
And be mansworn to twa in half a year.
Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;
But if a fairer face your heart should steal,
Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate,
How she was dawted ance by faithless Pate.

Pat. I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear;
Tho' we're but young, I've loed you mony a year.
I mind it well, when thou could'st hardly gang,
Or lisp out words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
Aft to the tansy knowe or rashy strand.
Thou smiling by my side,—I took delight,
To pu' the rashes green, with roots sae white,
Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and snood.

Peg. When first thou gaed with shepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ewes first try'd my skill;
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at e'en I met with thee.

Pat. When corn grew yellow, and the heather-bells
Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells,
Nae birns, or briers, or whins e'er troubled me,
Gif I cou'd find blae-berries ripe for thee.

Peg. When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the stane,
And wan the day, my heart was flichtering fain:
At all these sports thou still gave joy to me;
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.

Pat. Jenny sings saft the "Broom of Cowdenknowes,"
And Rosie lilt the "Milking o' the ewes;"
There's nane like Nansy "Jenny Nettles" sings;
At turns in "Maggie Lauder" Marion dings;
But when my Peggy sings, with sweeter skill,
The "Boatman," or the "Lass o' Patie's Mill;"
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me:
Tho' they sing well, they canna sing like thee.

Peg. How eith can lasses trow what they desire!
And roos'd by them we love, blows up that fire:
But wha loves best, let time and carriage try;
Be constant, and my love shall time defy:
Be still as now, and all my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

SANG X.

TUNE,—“*The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.*”

Peggy.

When first my dear laddie gaed to the green hill,
And I at ewe-milking first sey'd my young skill,
To bear the milk-bowie, nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting foregather'd with thee.

Patie.

When corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blue heather-bells
Bloom'd bonny on muirland and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, briers, or breckans gave trouble to me,
Gif I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

Peggy.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came off the victor, my heart was aye fain;
Thy ilka sport, manlv, gave pleasure to me;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

Patie.

Our Jenny sings saftly the “Cowden Broom-knowes,”
And Rosie liltis sweetly the “Milking the Ewes”;
There's few “Jenny Nettles” like Nansy can sing;
At “Through the Wood Laddie,” Bess gars our lugs ring:

But when my dear Peggy sings, with better skill,
The "Boatman," "Tweedside," or the "Lass o' the Mill,"
'Tis many times sweeter, and pleasing to me ;
For tho' they sing nicely, they canna like thee.

Peggy.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire !
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire ;
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

Pat. Wert thou a giglet gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave ;
At nought they'll ferly, senseless tales believe ;
Be blithe for silly hechts, for trifles grieve :
Sic ne'er could win my heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true ;
But thou, in better sense, without a flaw,
As in thy beauty, far excels them a' :
Continue kind, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peg. Agreed ;—but harken ! yon's auld aunty's cry ;
I ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.

Pat. And let them ferly.—Now, a kindly kiss,
Or five score good anes wadna be amiss ;
And syne we'll sing the sang with tunefu' glee,
That I made up last owk on you and me.

Peg. Sing first, syne claim your hire.—

Pat.———Well, I agree.

SANG XI.

Patie.

By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
And rowin' een that smiling tell the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that as well as I,
You're made for love; and why should ye deny?

Peggy.

But ken ye, lad, gif we confess owre soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done;
The maiden that owre quickly tines her power,
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sour.

Patie.

But gin they hing owre lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye.
Red-cheekéd you completely ripe appear,
And I have tholed and wooed a lang half-year.

Peggy, singing, falls into Patie's arms.

Then dinna pu' me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms, for good and a'.
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace;
And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

Patie, with his left hand about her waist.

O charming armfu'! hence, ye cares away!
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day;
All night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Sung by both.

Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise;
O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal day!
And if ye're wearied, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THIRD.—SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lime,
And tent a man whose beard seems bleach'd with time;
An elwand fills his hand, his habit mean:
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been.
But whisht! it is the knight in masquerade,
That comes, hid in this cloud, to see his lad.
Observe how pleas'd the loyal suff'rer moves
Thro' his auld av'nues, ance delightful groves.*

SIR WILLIAM, *solus*.

THE gentleman thus hid in low disguise,
I'll for a space, unknown, delight mine eyes
With a full view of every fertile plain,
Which once I lost, which now are mine again.
Yet, 'midst my joy, some prospects pain renew,
Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands,
Without a roof; the gates fall'n from their bands;
The casements all broke down; no chimney left;
The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft:
My stables and pavilions, broken walls,
That with each rainy blast decaying falls:
My gardens, once adorn'd the most complete
With all that nature, all that art makes sweet;
Where, round the figur'd green, and pebble walks,
The dewy flowers hung nodding on their stalks;
But, overgrown with nettles, docks and brier,

No jaccacincths or eglantines appear.
How do these ample walls to ruin yield,
Where peach and nect'rine branches found a bield,
And bask'd in rays, which early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightfu' in the use!
All round in gaps, the most in rubbish lie,
And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.

These soon shall be repair'd :—and now my joy,
Forbids all grief, when I'm to see my boy,
My only prop, and object of my care,
Since heaven too soon call'd home his mother fair.
Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
'Till we should see what changing times brought forth.
Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn,
After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.
Thrice happy life ! that's from ambition free ;
Remov'd from crowns and courts, how cheerfully
A quiet, contented mortal spends his time,
In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime !

SANG XII.

TUNE,—*"Happy Clown."*

Hid from himself, now by the dawn
He starts as fresh as roses blawn ;
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
After his bleeting flocks.

Healthful, and innocently gay,
 He chants and whistles out the day ;
 Untaught to smile, and then betray,
 Like courtly weather-cocks.

Life happy, from ambition free,
 Envy, and vile hypocrisy ;
 Where truth and love with joy agree,
 Unsullied with a crime :
 Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
 In propping of their pride and state,
 He lives, and, unafraid of fate,
 Contented spends his time.

Now tow'rds good Symon's house I'll bend my way,
 And see what makes yon gambolling to-day ;
 All on the green in a fair wanton ring,
 My youthful tenants gaily dance and sing. [Exit.

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

'Tis Symon's house, please to step in,
 And vissy't round and round ;
 There's nought superfluous to give pain,
 Or costly to be found.
 Yet all is clean : a clear peat-ingle
 Glances amidst the floor ;
 The green horn spoons, beech luggies mingle
 On skelfs foregainst the door.
 While the young brood sport on the green,
 The auld anes think it best,
 With the brown cow to clear their een,
 Snuff, crack, and take their rest.

SYMON, GLAUD, AND ELSPA.

Glaud. We ance were young oursell— I like to see
The bairns bob round with other merrily.
Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,
And better looks than his I never bade;
Amang our lads, he bears the gree awa',
And tells his tale the cleverest of them a'.

Els. Poor man!—he's a great comfort to us baith:
God mak him good, and hide him aye frae skaith.
He is a bairn, I'll say't, well worth our care,
That gae us ne'er vexation late or air.

Glaud. I trow, goodwife, if I be not mistane,
He seems to be with Peggy's beauty tane,
And troth, my niece is a right dainty wean,
As ye well ken: a bonnier needna be,
Nor better,—be't she were nae kin to me.

Sym. Ha, Glaud! I doubt that ne'er will be a match,
My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch;
And or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt with the mools mysell.

Glaud. What reason can ye have? There's nane,
I'm sure,
Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor:
But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind.
Fourscore of breeding ewes of my ain birn,
Five kye, that at ae milking fills a kirn,
I'll gie to Peggy that day she's a bride;
By and attour, gif my good luck abide,

Ten lambs at spaining-time, as lang's I live,
And twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

Els. Ye offer fair, kind Glaud; but dinna speer
What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

Sym. Or this day eight days likely he shall learn,
That our denial disna slight his bairn.

Glaud. Well, nae mair o't,—come, gie's the other
bend;
We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.
[Their healths gae round.]

Sym. But will ye tell me, Glaud,—by some 'tis said
Your niece is but a foundling that was laid
Down at your hallon-side, ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay?

Glaud. That clatteran Madge, my titty, tells sic flaws
Whene'er our Meg her canker'd humour gaws.

Enter Jenny.

Jen. O father! there's an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen:
He tents our loofs, and syne whups out a book,
Turns o'er the leaves, and gies our brows a look;
Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard:
His head is gray, and lang and gray his beard.

Sym. Gae bring him in; we'll hear what he can say;
Nane shall gang hungry by my house to-day:

[Exit Jenny.]

But for his telling fortunes, troth I fear,
He kens nae mair of that than my gray mare.

Glaud. Spae-men ! the truth of a' their saws I doubt,
For greater liars never ran thereout.

[*Re-enter Jenny, with Sir William;
Patie following.*]

Sym. Ye're welcome, honest carle;—here, tak a seat.

Sir Will. I give ye thanks, goodman ; I'se no be blate.

Glaud, [*drinks.*] Come, t'ye, friend :—How far came
ye the day?

Sir Will. I pledge ye, neibour :—e'en but little way :
Rousted with eild, a wee piece gate seems lang ;
Twa miles or three's the maist that I dow gang.

Sym. Ye're welcome here to stay all night with me,
And take sic bed and board as we can gie.

Sir Will. That's kind unsought.—Well, gin ye have
a bairn
That ye like well, and wad his fortune learn,
I shall employ the farthest of my skill
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Sym. (*Pointing to Patie*) Only that lad ;—alake ! I
have nae mae,
Either to make me joyful now, or wae.

Sir Will. Young man, let's see your hand ;—what
gars ye sneer?

Pat. Because your skill's but little worth, I fear.

Sir Will. Ye cut before the point :—but, billy, bide,
I'll wager there's a mouse-mark on your side.

Els. Betooch-us-to ! and well I wat that's true :

Awa, awa ! the deil's owre grit wi' you.
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a sark.

Sir Will. I'll tell ye mair : if this young lad be spar'd
But a short while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

Els. A laird ! hear ye, goodman !—what think ye now ?

Sym. I dinna ken :—strange auld man ! what art thou ?
Fair fa' your heart ; 'tis good to bode of wealth :
Come, turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

[Patie's health gaes round.]

Pat. A laird of twa good whistles, and a kent ;
Twa curs, my trusty tenants on the bent,
Is all my great estate—and like to be ;
Sae, cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

Sym. Whisht, Patie !—let the man look o'er your
hand,
Aft-times as broken a ship has come to land.

*[Sir William looks a little at Patie's hand, then
counterfeits falling into a trance, while they en-
deavour to lay him right.]*

Els. Preserve's !—the man's a warlock, or possest
With some nae good,—or second sight, at least :
Where is he now?——

Glaud. ——He's seeing a' that's done
In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.

Els. These second-sighted fowk, (his peace be herē!)
See things far aff, and things to come, as clear
As I can see my thumb.—Wow ! can he tell

(Speer at him, soon as he comes to himsell)
How soon we'll see Sir William? Whisht ! he heaves,
And speaks out broken words like ane that raves.

Sym. He'll soon grow better :—Elspa, haste ye, gae,
And fill him up a tass of usquebae.

SIR WILLIAM

(*Starts up, and speaks.*)

A Knight that for a *Lion* fought
Against a herd of bears,
Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
In which some thousands shares.
But now again the *Lion* rares,
And joy spreads o'er the plain;
The *Lion* has defeat the bears,
The Knight returns again.
That Knight, in a few days, shall bring
A shepherd frae the fauld,
And shall present him to his king,
A subject true and bauld.
He Mr Patrick shall be call'd :—
All you that hear me now,
May well believe what I have tald,
For it shall happen true.

Sym. Friend, may your spacing happen soon and
weel;

But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd with the deil,
To tell some tales that fowks wad secret keep;
Or do you get them tald you in your sleep?

Sir Will. Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard;
Nor come I to read fortunes for reward;

But I'll lay ten to ane with ony here,
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

Sym. You prophesying fowks are odd kind men !
They're here that ken, and here that disna ken,
The wimpld meaning of your unco tale,
Whilk soon will mak a noise o'er muir and dale.

Glaud. 'Tis nae sma' sport to hear how Sym believes,
And taks't for gospel what the spae-man gives
Of flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate :
But what we wish, we trow at ony rate.

Sir Will. Whisht ! doubtfu' carle ; for ere the sun
Has driven twice down to the sea,
What I have said ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

Glaud. Well, be 't sae, friend, I shall say naething
mair ;
But I've twa sonsy lasses young and fair,
Plump ripe for men : I wish ye could foresee
Sic fortunes for them, might prove joy to me.

Sir Will. Nae mair thro' secrets can I sift,
Till darkness black the bent :
I have but ance a day that gift ;
Sae rest a while content.

Sym. Elspa, cast on the claith, fetch butt some meat,
And, of your best, gar this auld stranger eat.

Sir Will. Delay a while your hospitable care ;
I'd rather enjoy this evening calm and fair,
Around yon ruin'd tower to fetch a walk,
With you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

Sym. Soon as you please I'll answer your desire :—
And, Glaud, you'll take your pipe beside the fire ;
We'll but gae round the place, and soon be back,
Syne sup together, and tak our pint, and crack.

Glaud. I'll out a while and see the young anes play;
My heart's still light, albeit my locks be gray.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

*Jenny pretends an errand hame ;
Young Roger draps the rest,
To whisper out his melting flame,
And thow his lassie's breast.
Behind a bush, well hid frae sight, they meet :
See, Jenny's laughing ; Roger's like to greet.
Poor Shepherd !*

ROGER AND JENNY.

Roger. Dear Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let ;
And yet I ergh, ye're aye sae scornfu' set.

Jen. And what wad Roger say, gif he cou'd speak ?
Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek ?

Rog. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I grein,
Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een :
And I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn ;
Ye're never frae my thoughts baith e'en and morn.
Ah ! cou'd I loe ye less, I'd happy be ;
But happier far, could ye but fancy me.

Jen. And wha kens, honest lad, but that I may?
Ye canna say that e'er I said ye nay.

Rog. Alake! my frightened heart begins to fail,
When e'er I mint to tell ye out my tale,
For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has won your love, and near your heart may lie.

Jen. I loe my father, cousin Meg I love;
But to this day, nae man my mind could move:
Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me;
And frae ye all I best had keep me free.

Rog. How lang, dear Jenny?—sayna that again;
What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain?
I'm glad, however, that ye yet stand free;
Wha kens but ye may rue, and pity me?

Jen. Ye have my pity else, to see you set
On that whilk makes our sweetness soon forget.
Wow! but we're bonny, good, and everything;
How sweet we breathe, whene'er we kiss, or sing!
But we're nae sooner fools to give consent,
Than we our daffin and tint power repent:
When prison'd in four wa's, a wife right tame,
Altho' the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

Rog. That only happens, when for sake of gear,
Ane wales a wife, as he wad buy a mare;
Or when dull parents bairns together bind
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
But love, true downright love, engages me,
(Tho' thou shou'dst scorn,) still to delight in thee.

Jen. What sugar'd words frae wooer's lips can fa'!
But girning marriage comes and ends them a'.

I've seen with shining fair the morning rise,
And soon the sleety clouds mirk a' the skies.
I've seen the silver spring a while rin clear,
And soon in móssey puddles disappear.
The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile;
But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Rog. I've seen the morning rise with fairest light,
The day unclouded sink in calmest night.
I've seen the spring rin wimpling through the plain,
Increase, and join the ocean without stain.
The bridegroom may be blithe, the bride may smile,
Rejoice thro' life, and all your fears beguile.

Jen. Were I but sure ye lang would love maintain,
The fewest words my easy heart could gain:
For I maun own, since now at last you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company;
And ever had a warmness in my breast,
That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

Rog. I'm happy now! owre happy! haud my head!—
This gush of pleasure's like to be my dead.
Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm all fir'd
With wond'ring love! let's kiss till we be tir'd.
Kiss, kiss! we'll kiss the sun and starns away,
And ferly at the quick return of day!
O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,
And briss thy bonny breasts and lips to mine.

[*They embrace.*]

SANG XIII.

TUNE,—“*Leith Wynd.*”*Jenny.*

Were I assur'd you'd constant prove,
You should nae mair complain;
The easy maid, beset with love,
Few words will quickly gain:
For I must own now, since you're free,
This too fond heart of mine
Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,
Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.

Roger.

I'm happy now, ah! let my head
Upon thy breast recline;
The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead:
Is Jenny then sae kind?—
O! let me briss thee to my heart,
And round my arms entwine:
Delightfu' thought! we'll never part,
Come, press thy lips to mine.

Jen. With equal joy my easy heart gies way,
To own thy well tri'd love has won the day.
Now by these warmest kisses thou has ta'en,
Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.

Rog. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb,
There shall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
If you agree with me to lead your life.

Jen. Well, I agree:—neist, to my parent gae,
Get his consent;—he'll hardly say ye nay;
Ye have what will commend ye to him weel,
Auld fowks like them that wants na milk and meal.

SANG XIV.

TUNE,—“*O'er Bogie.*”

Well, I agree, ye're sure of me;
Next to my father gae:
Make him content to give consent,
He'll hardly say you nay:
For you have what he wad be at,
And will commend you weel,
Since parents auld think love grows cauld
Where bairns want milk and meal.

Shou'd he deny, I carena by,
He'd contradict in vain;
Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
But thee I will have nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like those in high degree;
And if ye prove faithful in love,
You'll find nae faut in me.

Rog. My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow nowt,
As mony newcal in my byres rowt;
Five pack of woo I can at Lammass sell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell:
Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,
With meikle care, my thrifty mither made:
Ilk thing that makes a heartsome house and tight,
Was still her care, my father's great delight.
They left me all, which now gies joy to me,
Because I can give a', my dear, to thee:
And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
Nane but my Jenny should the samen skair:
My love and all is your's; now haud them fast,
And guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

Jen. I'll do my best;—but see wha comes this way,
 Patie and Meg;—besides, I maunna stay:
 Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn;
 If we be seen we'll dree a deal of scorn.

Rog. To where the saugh-tree shades the menin-pool,
 I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool:
 Keep tryst, and meet me there;—there let us meet,
 To kiss, and tell our love;—there's nought sae sweet.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

*This scene presents the Knight and Sym
 Within a gallery of the place,
 Where all looks ruinous and grim;
 Nor has the Baron shown his face,
 But joking with his shepherd leel,
 Aft speers the gate he kens fu' weel.*

SIR WILLIAM AND SYMON.

Sir Will. To whom belongs this house so much decay'd?

Sym. To anc that lost it, lending gen'rous aid,
 To bear the Head up, when rebellious Tail
 Against the laws of nature did prevail.
 Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
 Whilk fills us all with joy, now *he's come hame.*

*(Sir William draps his masking beard,
Simon, transported, sees
The welcome knight, with fond regard,
And grasps him round the knees.)*

My master ! my dear master !—do I breathe.
To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith ;
Return'd to cheer his wishing tenants' sight,
To bless his son, my charge, the world's delight !

Sir Will. Rise, faithful Symon ; in my arms enjoy
A place thy due, kind guardian of my boy :
I came to view thy care in this disguise,
And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wise ;
Since still the secret thou'st securely seal'd,
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

Sym. The due obedience to your strict command
Was the first lock ;—neist, my ain judgment fand
Out reasons plenty : since, without estate,
A youth, tho' sprung frae kings, looks bauch and blate.

Sir Will. And aften vain and idly spend their time,
'Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,
Hang on their friends—which gi'es their sauls a cast,
That turns them downright beggars at the last.

Sym. Now well I wat, Sir, ye have spoken true ;
For there's laird Kytie's son, that's loed by few :
His father steght his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name.
He gangs about sornan frae place to place,
As scrimp of manners, as of sense and grace ;
Oppressing all as punishment of their sin,
That are within his tenth degree of kin :

Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's sae unjust
To his ain fam'ly, as to give him trust.

Sir Will. Such useless branches of a commonwealth,
Should be lopt off, to give a state more health :
Unworthy bare reflection.—Symon, run
O'er all your observations on my son ;
A parent's fondness easily finds excuse ;
But do not with indulgence truth abuse.

Sym. To speak his praise the langest simmer day
Wad be owre short,—could I them right display.
In word and deed he can sae well behave,
That out of sight he runs before the lave ;
And when there's e'er a quarrel or contest,
Patrick's made judge to tell whase cause is best ;
And his decreet stands good ;—he'll gar it stand :
Wha dares to grumble, finds his correcting hand ;
With a firm look, and a commanding way,
He gars the proudest of our herds obey.

Sir Will. Your tale much pleases ;—my good friend,
proceed :
What learning has he? Can he write and read?

Sym. Baith wonder well ; for, troth, I didna spare
To gie him at the school enough of lear ;
And he delights in books :—he reads, and speaks
With fowks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

Sir Will. Where gets he books to read? and of
what kind?—
Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

Sym. Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh port,

He buys some books of history, sangs, or sport ;
Nor does he want of them a rowth at will,
And carries aye a poutchfu' to the hill.
About ane Shakspeare, and a famous Ben,
He aften speaks, and ca's them best of men.
How sweetly Hawthornden and Stirling sing,
And ane ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
He kens fu' well, and gars their verses ring.
I sometimes thought he made owre great a fraise
About fine poems, histories, and plays.
When I reprov'd him ance,—a book he brings,
“With this,” quoth he, “on braes I crack with kings.”

Sir Will. He answer'd well; and much ye glad my
ear,
When such accounts I of my shepherd hear.
Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
Above a lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

Sym. What ken we better, that sae sindle look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book ;
When we a leaf or twa half read half spell,
'Till a' the rest sleep round as weel's oursell.

Sir Will. Well jested, Symon:—but one question
more
I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.
The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
Flutter around young hearts like cooing doves :
Has nae young lassie, with inviting mien,
And rosy cheek, the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart ?

Sym. I fear'd the warst, but ken'd the smallest part,

'Till late I saw him, twa three times, mair sweet
With Claud's fair niece, than I thought right or meet :
I had my fears ; but now have nought to fear,
Since, like yoursell, your son will soon appear :
A gentleman, enrich'd with all those charms,
May bless the fairest, best born lady's arms.

Sir Will. This night must end his unambitious fire,
When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.
Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me ;
None but yourself shall our first meeting see.
Yonder's my horse and servants nigh at hand,
They come just at the time I gave command ;
Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress :
Now ye the secret may to all confess.

Sym. With how much joy I on this errand flee,
There's nane can know that is not downright me.

[*Exit Symon.*]

Sir William solus.

When the event of hope successfully appears,
One happy hour cancels the toil of years ;
A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
And cares evanish like a morning dream ;
When wish'd for pleasures rise like morning light,
The pain that's past enhances the delight.
Those joys I feel, that words can ill express,
I ne'er had known without my late distress.
But from his rustic business and love,
I must in haste my Patrick soon remove,
To courts and camps that may his soul improve.
Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,

Only in little breakings shews it light,
Till artful polishing has made it shine;
Thus education makes the genius bright.

SANG XV.

TUNE,—“*Wat ye wha I met Yestreen?*”

Now from rusticity and love,
Whose flames but over lowly burn,
My gentle shepherd must be drove,
His soul must take another turn:
As the rough diamond from the mine,
In breakings only shews its light,
Till polishing has made it shine;
Thus learning makes the genius bright.

[*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH.—SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

The scene describ'd in a former page, Gland's onstead.

[Act ii. scene i.]

MAUSE AND MADGE.

Mause.

OUR laird's come hame ! and owns young Pate, his
heir !

That's news indeed !——

Mad.———As true as ye stand there !
As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, with a beard
Five nieves in length, and white as driven snaw,
Amang us came, cried, "*Haud ye merry a'.*"
We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
While frae his pouch he whirlèd forth a book.
As we stood round about him on the green,
He view'd us a', but fix'd on Pate his een ;
Then pawkily pretended he could spae,
Yet for his pains and skill wad naething hae.

Mause. Then sure the lasses, and ilk gaping coof,
Wad rin about him, and haud out their loof.

Mad. As fast as fleas skip to the tate of woo,
Whilk slee tod-lowrie hauds without his moo,
When he to drown them, and his hips to cool,
In simmer days slides backward in a pool:

In short he did, for Pate, braw things foretell,
Without the help of conjuring or spell.
At last, when well diverted, he withdrew,
Pu'd aff his beard to Symon :—Symon knew
His welcome master ;—round his knees he gat,
Hang at his coat, and syne for blitheness grat.
Patrick was sent for ;—happy lad is he !
Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me.
Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon ;
And troth 'tis e'en right odd when a' is done,
To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
Na, no sae meikle as to Pate himsell.
Our Meg, poor thing, alake ! has lost her joe.

Mause. It may be sae ; wha kens ? and may be no.
To lift a love that's rooted is great pain ;
E'en kings hae ta'en a queen out of the plain ;
And what has been before, may be again.

Mad. Sic nonsense ! love tak root, but tocher good,
'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood :
Sic fashions in king Bruce's days might be ;
But siccan ferlies now we never see.

Mause. Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may gain :
Yonder he comes, and wow but he looks fain !
Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.

Mad. He get her ! slaverin doof ! it sets him weel
To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to till.
Gif I were Meg, I'd let young Master see—

Mause. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he :
And so wad I. But whisht ! here Bauldy comes.

Enter Bauldy singing.

SANG XVI.

Jocky said to Jenny,—Jenny wilt thou do it?
Ne'er a fit, quo' Jenny, for my tocher good.
For my tocher good, I winna marry thee:
E'en's-ye-like, quo' Jocky, I can let ye be.

Mause. Weel liltit, Bauldy, that's a dainty sang.

Baul. I'se gie ye't a', it's better than it's lang.

I hae gowd an gear, I hae land enough,
I hae sax good owsen ganging in a pleugh;
Ganging in a pleugh, an' linkan o'er the lea,
An' gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha'-house, a barn, an' a byre;
A peat-stack 'fore the door, will mak a rantin fire;
I'll mak a rantin fire, and merry sall we be,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jenny said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell;
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free;
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

I trow sae!—lasses will come to at last,
Tho' for a while they maun their snaw-ba's cast.

Mause. Well, Bauldy, how gaes a'?—

Baul. —————Faith, unco right:
I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this night.

Mad. And wha's th' unlucky ane, if we may ask?

Baul. To find out that, is nae difficult task:
Poor bonny Peggy, wha maun think nae mair
On Pate, turn'd Patrick, and Sir William's heir.

Now, now, good Madge, and honest Mause, stand be,
While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me.
I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove ;
Less wilfu', and aye constant in my love.

Mad. As Neps can witness, and the bushy thorn,
Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn :
Fy ! Bauldy, blush, and vows of love regard ;
What other lass will trow a mansworn herd ?
The curse of heaven hings aye aboon their heads
That 's ever guilty of sic sinfu' deeds.
I'll ne'er advise my niece sae gray a gate ;
Nor will she be advis'd, fu' weel I wat.

Baul. Sae gray a gate ! mansworn ! and a' the rest !
Ye lied, auld roudes—and, in faith, had best
Eat in your words ; else I shall gar you stand,
With a het face, afore the haly band.

Mad. Ye'll gar me stand ! ye shevelling-gabbit brock ;
Speak that again, and, trembling, dread my rock,
And ten sharp nails, that when my hands are in,
Can flype the skin o' ye'r cheeks out o'er your chin.

Baul. I tak ye witness, Mause, ye heard her say,
That I'm mansworn :—I winna let it gae.

Mad. Ye're witness too, he ca'd me bonny names,
And should be serv'd as his good-breeding claims.
Ye filthy dog !——

[*Flies to his hair like a fury.—A stout battle.—*
Mause endeavours to redd them.

Mause. Let gang your grips, fy, Madge ! howt,
Bauldy leen :
I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen ;

'Tis sae daft like.—

[*Bauldy gets out of Madge's clutches with a bleeding nose.*]

Mad.——'Tis dafter like to thole
An ether-cap, like him, to blaw the coal.
It sets him weel, with vile unscrapit tongue,
To cast up whether I be auld or young ;
They're aulder yet than I have married been,
And, or they died, their bairns' bairns have seen.

Mause. That's true ; and, Bauldy, ye was far to blame
To ca' Madge aught but her ain christen'd name.

Baul. My lugs, my nose, and noddle find the same.

Mad. Auld roudes ! filthy fallow ; I shall auld ye.

Mause. Howt, no !—ye'll e'en be friends with honest
Bauldy.

Come, come, shake hands ; this maun nae farder gae :
Ye maun forgie 'm,—I see the lad looks wae.

Baul. In troth now, Mause, I have at Madge nae spite :
But she abusing first was a' the wyte
Of what has happen'd ; and should therefore crave
My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

Mad. I crave your pardon ! gallows-face, gae greet,
And own your faut to her that ye wad cheat :
Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,
'Till ye learn to perform as well as swear.
Vow and lowp back !—was e'er the like heard tell ?
Swith, tak him, deil—he's owre lang out o' hell.

Baul. [*running off.*] His presence be about us ! curst
were he
That were condemn'd for life to live with thee.

[*Exit Bauldy.*]

Mad. [*laughing.*] I think I've towz'd his harigalds a wee;

He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me.
He's but a rascal that wad mint to serve
A lassie sae, he does but ill deserve.

Mause. Ye towin'd him tightly—I cominend ye for't;
His bleeding snout gave me nae little sport :
For this forenoon he had that scant of grace,
And breeding baith, to tell me to my face,
He hop'd I was a witch, and wadna stand
To lend him in this case my helping hand.

Mad. A witch! how had ye patience this to hear,
And leave him een to see, and lugs to hear?

Mause. Auld wither'd hands, and feeble joints like
mine,
Obliges fowk resentment to decline ;
Till aft 'tis seen, when vigour fails, then we
With cunning can the lack of pith supply.
Thus I pat aff revenge till it was dark,
Syne bade him come, and we should gang to wark :
I'm sure he'll keep his tryst ; and I came here
To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Mad. And special sport we'll hae, as I protest :
Ye'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghaist.
A linen sheet wound round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my face and grane, and shake my head.
We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring to do a lassie wrang.

Mause. Then let us go ; for see, 'tis hard on night,
The westlin cloud shines red with setting light.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
And the green swaird grows damp with falling dew,
While good Sir William is to rest retired,
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspired,
Walks through the broom with Roger ever leel,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak farewell.*

PATIE AND ROGER.

Rog. Wow! but I'm cadgy, and my heart lowps light:
O, Mr Patrick! aye your thoughts were right;
Sure gentle fowk are farer seen than we,
That naething ha'e to brag of pedigree.
My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding, sweet, and nae mair scorn.
I spake my mind—she heard—I spake again,
She smil'd—I kiss'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

Pat. I'm glad to hear't—But O! my change this day
Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.
I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
And an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.
With looks all kindness, words that love confest,
He all the father to my soul exprest,
While close he held me to his manly breast.
“Such were the eyes,” he said, “thus smil'd the mouth
Of thy lov'd mother, blessing of my youth;
Who set too soon!”—And while he praise bestow'd,
Adown his graceful cheek a torrent flow'd.
My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,

Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail;
That, speechless, lang my late ken'd sire I view'd,
While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd;
Unusual transports made my head turn round,
Whilst I myself with rising raptures found
The happy son of ane sae much renown'd.
But he has heard!—too faithful Symon's fear
Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear:
Which he forbids.—Ah! this confounds my peace,
While thus to beat, my heart shall sooner cease.

Rog. How to advise ye, troth I'm at a stand:
But wer't my case, ye'd clear it up aff-hand.

Pat. Duty, and haflen reason plead his cause;
But what cares love for reason, rules and laws?
Still in my heart my shepherdess excels,
And part of my new happiness repels.

SANG XVII.

TUNE,—“*Kirk wad let me be.*”

Duty and part of reason
Plead strong on the parent's side,
Which love superior calls treason;
The strongest must be obey'd.

For now tho' I'm one o' the gentry,
My constancy falsehood repels;
For change in my heart is no entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excels.

Rog. Enjoy them baith:—Sir William will be won:
Your Peggy's bonny;—you're his only son.

Pat. She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love;
And frae these bands nae change my mind shall move.
I'll wed nane else; thro' life I will be true;
But still obedience is a parent's due.

Rog. Is not our master and yoursell to stay
Amang us here?—or are ye gawn away
To London Court, or ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us with broken hearts?

Pat. To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we advance,
To London neist, and afterwards to France,
Where I must stay some years, and learn to dance,
And twa three other monkey-tricks:—that done,
I come hame strutting in my red-heel'd shoon.
Then 'tis design'd, when I can well behave,
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
For some few bags of cash, that, I wat weel,
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel.
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear sic news, shall hear my death.

Rog. *They wha have just enough, can soundly sleep;
The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep:—*
Good Mr Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

Pat. What was my morning thought, at night's the
same:
The poor and rich but differ in the name.
Content's the greatest bliss we can procure
Frae 'boon the lift:—without it kings are poor.

Rog. But an estate like your's yields braw content,
When we but pick it scantly on the bent:
Fine claes, saft beds, sweet houses, and red wine,
Good cheer, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine;

Obeysant servants, honour, wealth and ease :
Wha's no content with these, are ill to please.

Pat. Sae Roger thinks, and thinks not far amiss ;
But mony a cloud hings hovering o'er the bliss.
The passions rule the roast ;—and, if they're sour,
Like the lean kye, will soon the fat devour.
The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side.
The gouts and gravels, and the ill disease,
Are frequentest with fowk o'erlaid with ease ;
While o'er the moor the shepherd, with less care,
Enjoys his sober wish, and halesome air.

Rog. Lord, man ! I wonder aye, and it delights
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights ;
How gat ye a' that sense I fain would lear,
That I may easier disappointments bear.

Pat. Frae books, the wale o' books, I gat some skill ;
These best can teach what's real good and ill.
Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes of cheese,
To gain these silent friends that ever please.

Rog. I'll do't, and ye shall tell me whilk to buy ;
Faith I'se hae books, tho' I should sell my kye.
But now let's hear how you're design'd to move,
Between Sir William's will, and Peggy's love.

Pat. Then here it lies :—his will maun be obey'd ;
My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride ;
But I some time this last design maun hide.
Keep you the secret close, and leave me here ;
I sent for Peggy,—yonder comes my dear.

Rog. Pleas'd that ye trust me with the secret, I
To wyle it frae me a' the deils defy. [*Exit Roger.*]

Pat. [*solus.*] With what a struggle must I now impart
My father's will to her that hauds my heart!
I ken she loves, and her saft soul will sink,
While it stands trembling on the hated brink
Of disappointment.—Heaven, support my fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care!
Her eyes are red!—

Enter Peggy.

————— My Peggy, why in tears?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears:
Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peg. I dare not think sae high: I now repine
At the unhappy chance that made not me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
Wha can, withouten pain, see frae the coast
The ship that bears his all like to be lost—
Like to be carried, by some reiver's hand,
Far frae his wishes, to some distant land?

Pat. Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it with me remains
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own;
But love's superior to a parent's frown.
I falsehood hate: come, kiss thy cares away;
I ken to love, as well as to obey.
Sir William's generous: leave the task to me,
To make strict duty and true love agree.

Peg. Speak on!—speak ever thus, and still my grief;
But short I dare to hope the fond relief.

New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
 That with nice air swims round in silk attire :
 Then I, poor me!—with sighs may ban my fate,
 When the young laird's nae mair my heartsome Pate :
 Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,
 By the blithe shepherd that excell'd the rest :
 Nae mair be envied by the tattling gang,
 When Patie kiss'd me, when I danc'd or sang :
 Nae mair, alake ! we'll on the meadows play,
 And rin half breathless round the rucks of hay ;
 As aft-times I have fled from thee right fain,
 And fa'en on purpose that I might be ta'en.
 Nae mair around the foggy knowe I'll creep,
 To watch and stare upon thee, while asleep.
 But hear my vow—'twill help to give me ease :—
 May sudden death, or deadly sair disease,
 And warst of ills attend my wretched life,
 If e'er to ane but you I be a wife !

SANG XVIII.

TUNE—" *Wae's my heart that we should sunder.* "

Speak on, speak thus, and still my grief,
 Hold up a heart that's sinking under
 These fears, that soon will want relief,
 When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.
 A gentler face, and silk attire,
 A lady rich in beauty's blossom,—
 Alake, poor me ! will now conspire
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

No more the shepherd, who excell'd
The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praises tell :—
Ah ! I can die, but never sunder.
Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet-scented rucks, round which we play'd,
You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder !

Again, ah ! shall I never creep
Around the knowe with silent duty,
Kindly to watch thee, while asleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty ?
Hear, heaven, while solemnly I vow,
Tho' thou should'st prove a wand'ring lover,
Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other !

Pat. Sure heaven approves ; and be assur'd of me,
I'll ne'er gang back of what I've sworn to thee :
And time,—though time maun interpose a while,
And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle ;—
Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
If there's a fairer,—e'er shall fill thy place.
I'd hate my rising fortune, should it move
The fair foundation of our faithful love.
If at my foot were crowns and sceptres laid,
To bribe my soul frae thee, delightful maid ;
For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things
To sic as have the patience to be kings.—
Wherefore that tear ? believe, and calm thy mind.

Peg. I greet for joy, to hear thy words sae kind.
When hopes were sunk to nought, and mirk despair

Made me think life was little worth my care,
My heart was like to burst ; but now I see
Thy generous thoughts will save thy love for me.
With patience then I'll wait each wheeling year,
Hope time away, till thou with joy appear ;
And all the while I'll study gentler charms,
To make me fitter for my traveller's arms :
I'll gain on uncle Claud,—he's far frae fool,
And will not grudge to put me thro' ilk school,
Where I may manners learn.—

SANG XIX.

TUNE,—“*Tweedside.*”

When hope was quite sunk in despair,
My heart it was going to break ;
My life appear'd worthless my care,
But now I will save't for thy sake.
Where'er my love travels by day,
Wherever he lodges by night,
With me his dear image shall stay,
And my soul keep him ever in sight.

With patience I'll wait the long year,
And study the gentlest charms ;
Hope time away till thou appear,
To lock thee for aye in those arms.
Whilst thou was a shepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life ;
But now I'll endeavour to rise
To a height is becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only skin-deep,
Must fade like the gowans of May;
But inwardly rooted, will keep
For ever, without a decay.
Nor age, nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the husband have sense to approve.

Pat. ——— That's wisely said,
And what he wares that way shall be well paid.
Tho', without a' the little helps of art,
Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart;
Yet now, lest in our station we offend,
We must learn modes to innocence unken'd;
Affect aft-times to like the thing we hate,
And drap serenity, to keep up state;
Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to
say;
And, for the fashion, when we're blithe, seem wae;
Pay compliments to them we aft have scorn'd;
Then scandalize them, when their backs are turn'd.

Peg. If this is gentry, I had rather be
What I am still;—but I'll be aught with thee.

Pat. No, no, my Peggy, I but only jest
With gentry's apes; for still, amang the best,
Good manners give integrity a bleeze,
When native virtues join the arts to please.

Peg. Since with nae hazard, and sae small expense,
My lad frae books can gather siccan sense;
Then why, ah! why should the tempestuous sea
Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?

Sir William's cruel, that wad force his son,
For watna-whats, sae great a risk to run.

Pat. There is nae doubt, but travelling does improve.
Yet I would shun it for thy sake, my love;
But soon as I've shook aff my landwart cast,
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peg. With every setting day, and rising morn,
I'll kneel to heaven, and ask thy safe return.
Under that tree, and on the suckler brae,
Where aft we wont, when bairns, to run and play;
And to the hissel-shaw, where first ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flowers,
With joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.

SANG XX.

TUNE,—“*Bush aboon Traquair.*”

At setting day, and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit aft the birken bush,
Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood, shaw, or fountain,

Or where the summer-day I'd share
With thee upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flowers,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.

Pat. My dear, allow me, frae thy temples fair,
A shining ringlet of thy flowing hair;
Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
I'll aften kiss, and wear about my arm.

Peg. Were't in my power with better boons to please,
I'd give the best I could with the same ease;
Nor wad I, if thy luck had fall'n to me,
Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

Pat. I doubt it not; but since we've little time,
To ware't on words wad border on a crime:
Love's safer meaning better is exprest,
When 'tis with kisses on the heart imprest.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.—SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*See how poor Bauldy stares like ane possest,
And roars up Symon frae his kindly rest:
Bare-leg'd, with night-cap, and unbutton'd coat,
See, the auld man comes forward to the sot.*

SYMON AND BAULDY.

Symon.

WHAT want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,
While drowsy sleep keeps a' beneath its pow'r?
Far to the north, the scant approaching light
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.
What gars ye shake and glowr, and look sae wan?
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stan.

Baul. O len me soon some water, milk, or ale!
My head's grown giddy, legs with shaking fail;
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane;—
Alake! I'll never be mysell again.
I'll ne'er o'erput it!—Symon! O Symon! O!

[Symon gives him a drink.]

Sym. What ails thee, gowk!—to make sae loud ado?
You've wak'd Sir William, he has left his bed;
He comes I fear ill-pleas'd: I hear his tread.

Enter Sir William.

Sir Will. How goes the night? Does day-light yet
Symon, you're very timeously asteer. [appear?

Sym. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest;
But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit opprest:
He's seen some witch, or wrestl'd with a ghaist.

Baul. O ay!—dear Sir, in troth 'tis very true;
And I am come to make my plaint to you.

Sir. Will. [smiling.] I lang to hear't——

Baul. ——Ah! Sir, the witch ca'd Mause,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me with her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart.
As she had trysted, I met wi' her this night;
But may nae friend of mine get sic a fright!
For the curs'd hag, instead of doing me good,
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!)
Rais'd up a ghaist or deil, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead corse in sheet as white as milk;
Black hands it had, and face as wan as death:
Upon me fast the witch and *it* fell baith,
And gat me down; while I, like a great fool,
Was laboured as I wont to be at school.
My heart out of its hool was like to lowp;
I pithless grew with fear, and had nae hope,
Till, with an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite:
Syne I, half dead with anger, fear, and spite,
Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
Hoping your help, to gie the deil his due.
I'm sure my heart will ne'er gie o'er to dunt,
Till in a fat tar-barrel Mause be burnt.

Sir Will. Well, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted be;
Let Mause be brought this morning down to me.

Baul. Thanks to your honour; soon shall I obey;
But first I'll Roger raise, and twa three mae,
To catch her fast, or she get leave to squeel,
And cast her cantraips that bring up the deil.

[*Exit Baul.*]

Sir Will. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than
hurt,
The witch and ghaist have made themselves good sport.
What silly notions crowd the clouded mind,
That is thro' want of education blind!

Sym. But does your honour think there's nae sic thing
As witches raising deils up thro' a ring,
Syne playing tricks? a thousand I could tell,
Could never be contriv'd on this side hell.

Sir Will. Such as the devil's dancing in a moor,
Amongst a few old women craz'd and poor,
Who are rejoiced to see him frisk and lowp
O'er braes and bogs, with candles in his dowp;
Appearing sometimes like a black-horn'd cow,
Aft-times like bawty, badrans, or a sow:
Then with his train thro' airy paths to glide,
While they on cats, or clowns, or broom-staffs ride;
Or in an egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain:
Then aft by night bumbaze hare-hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cupboards, chairs, and stools.
Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

Sym. 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
 Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich ;
 But Mause, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,
 And lives a quiet and very honest life ;
 That gars me think this hobleshew that's past
 Will land in naething but a joke at last.

Sir Will. I'm sure it will :—but see, increasing light
 Commands the imps of darkness down to night ;
 Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
 Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG XXI.

TUNE,—“*Bonny grey-ey'd morn.*”

The bonny grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,
 And darkness flies before the rising ray,
 The hearty hind starts from his lazy sleep,
 To follow healthful labours of the day :
 Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
 The lark and the linnet 'tend his levee,
 And he joins their concert, driving his plough,
 From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
 Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
 The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
 Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
 Be my portion health, and quietness of mind,
 Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
 Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,
 Reach him who has happiness linked to his fate.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
With a blue snood Jenny binds up her hair ;
Glaud, by his morning ingle takes a beek,
The rising sun shines motty thro' the reek,
A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een,
And now and then his joke maun interveen.*

GLAUD, JENNY, AND PEGGY.

Glaud. I wish, my bairns, it may keep fair till night ;
Ye do not use sae soon to see the light :
Nae doubt now ye intend to mix the thrang,
To take your leave of Patrick or he gang :
But do ye think that now when he's a laird,
That he poor landwart lasses will regard ?

Jen. Tho' he's young master now, I'm very sure
He has mair sense than slight auld friends, tho' poor ;
But yesterday, he gae us mony a tug,
And kiss'd my cousin there frae lug to lug.

Glaud. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again ;
But, be advised, his company refrain :
Before, he, as a shepherd, sought a wife,
With her to live a chaste and frugal life ;
But now grown gentle, soon he will forsake
Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

Peg. A rake ! what's that ?—sure if it means aught ill,
He'll never be't, else I have tint my skill.

Glaud. Daft lassie, ye ken nought of the affair ;
Ane young and good and gentle's unco rare.
A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame
To do what like of us thinks sin to name :
They'll tempt young things like you, with youdith flush'd,
Syne make ye a' their jest, when ye're debauch'd.
Be wary then, I say, and never gie
Encouragement, or bourd with sic as he.

Peg. Sir William's virtuous, and of gentle blood ;
And may not Patrick too, like him, be good ?

Glaud. That's true, and mony gentry mae than he,
As they are wiser, better are than we :
But, thinner sawn, they're sae puft up with pride,
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide
That shaws the gate to heaven.—I've heard mysell
Some of them laugh at doomsday, sin, and hell.

Jen. Watch o'er us, father ! heh ! that's very odd ;
Sure him that doubts a doomsday, doubts a God.

Glaud. Doubt ! why they neither doubt, nor judge,
nor think,
Nor hope, nor fear ; but curse, debauch, and drink :
But I'm no saying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to sic gates will e'er be brought.

Peg. The Lord forbid ! Na, he kens better things :
But here comes aunt ; her face some ferly brings.

Enter Madge.

Mad. Haste, haste ye ; we're a' sent for o'er the gate,
To hear, and help to redd some odd debate
'Tween Mause and Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft spell,
At Symon's house : the knight sits judge himsell.

Glaud. Lend me my staff : Madge, lock the outer door,
And bring the lasses wi' ye ; I'll step before.

[Exit Glaud.]

Mad. Poor Meg !—Look, Jenny, was the like e'er seen ?
How bleer'd and red wi' greeting look her een !
This day her brankan wooer takes his horse,
To strut a gentle spark at Edinburgh cross ;
To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain,
For a nice sword, and glancing-headed cane ;
To leave his ram-horn spoons, and kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay ;
To leave the green-swaird dance, when we gae milk,
To rustle 'mang the beauties clad in silk.
But Meg, poor Meg ! maun with the shepherd stay,
And tak what God will send, in hoddan-gray.

Peg. Dear aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your scorn ?
That's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the daughter of some laird had been,
I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green :
Now, since he rises, why should I repine ?
If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine ;
And then—the like has been—if the decree
Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Mad. A bonny story, trowth !—But we delay :
Prin up your aprons baith, and come away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

*Sir William fills the two-arm'd chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaud and Mause,
Attend, and with loud laughter hear
Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause :
For now 'tis tell'd him that the tawse
Was handled by revengfu' Madge,
Because he brak good breeding's laws,
And with his nonsense rais'd their rage.*

SIR WILLIAM, PATIE, ROGER, SYMON, GLAUD,
BAULDY, AND MAUSE.

Sir Will. And was that all?—Well, Bauldy, ye was serv'd

No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.
Was it so small a matter, to defame,
And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
Besides your going about to have betray'd,
By perjury, an innocent young maid.

Baul. Sir, I confess my faut thro' a' the steps,
And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

Mause. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score;
I ken'd not that they thought me sic before.

Baul. An't like your honour, I believ'd it weel;
But trowth I was e'en doilt to seek the deil:

Yet, with your honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,
She's baith a slee and a revengeful ——
And that my *some-place* finds;—but I had best
Haud in my tongue; for yonder comes the *ghaist*,
And the young bonny *witch*, whase rosy cheek
Sent me, without my wit, the deil to seek.

Enter Madge, Peggy, and Jenny.

Sir Will. [*looking at Peggy*]. Whose daughter's she
that wears th' aurora gown,
With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown?
How sparkling are her eyes! What's this! I find
The girl brings all my sister to my mind.
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.
Is this your daughter, Glaud?——

Glaud. ———Sir, she's my niece;—
And yet she's not:—but I should hald my peace.

Sir Will. This is a contradiction: What d'ye mean?
She is, and is not!—pray thee, Glaud, explain.

Glaud. Because I doubt, if I should make appear
What I have kept a secret thirteen year.—

Mause. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

Sir Will. Speak soon; I'm all impatience!—

Pat. ———So am I!
For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Glaud. Then, since my master orders, I obey.
This *bonny foundling*, ae clear morn of May,

Close by the lee-side of my door I found,
All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round
In infant weeds of rich and gentle make.
What could they be, thought I, did thee forsake?
Wha, warse than brutes, cou'd leave exposed to air
Sae much of innocence sae sweetly fair,
Sae helpless young? for she appeared to me
Only about twa towmonds auld to be.
I took her in my arms, the bairnie smil'd
With sic a look wad made a savage mild.
I hid the story: she has pass'd sinsyne
As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine.
Nor do I rue my care about the wean,
For she's well worth the pains that I have ta'en.
Ye see she's bonny; I can swear she's good,
And am right sure she's come of gentle blood:
Of whom I kenna: naething ken I mair
Than what I to your honour now declare.

Sir Will. This tale seems strange!—

Pat. ———The tale delights my ear.

Sir Will. Command your joys young man till truth
appear.

Mause. That be my task.—Now, sir, bid all be hush:
Peggy may smile,—thou hast nae cause to blush.
Long have I wish'd to see this happy day,
That I might safely to the truth give way;
That I may now Sir William Worthy name,
The best and nearest friend that she can claim:
He saw't at first, and with quick eye did trace
His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

Sir Will. Old woman, do not rave,—prove what you say;

'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

Pat. What reason, Sir, can an old woman have
To tell a lie, when she's sae near her grave?
But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant,
I every thing looks like a reason want.

Omnes. The story's odd! we wish we heard it out.

Sir Will. Make haste, good woman, and resolve
each doubt.

[*Mause goes forward, leading Peggy to
Sir William.*]

Mause. Sir, view me well: has fifteen years so plough'd
A wrinkled face that you have often view'd,
That here I as an unknown stranger stand,
Who nurs'd her mother that now holds my hand?
Yet stronger proofs I'll give, if you demand.

Sir Will. Ha! honest nurse, where were my eyes
before!

I know thy faithfulness, and need no more;
Yet, from the lab'rinth to lead out my mind,
Say, to expose her who was so unkind?

[*Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes
her sit by him.*]

Yes, surely thou'rt my niece; truth must prevail:
But no more words, till Mause relate her tale.

Pat. Good nurse, go on; nae music's half sae fine,
Or can give pleasure like these words of thine.

Mause. Then, it was I that sav'd her infant life,
Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.

The story's lang; but I the secret knew,
How they pursued, with avaricious view,
Her rich estate, of which they're now posset:
All this to me a confidant confest.
I heard with horror, and with trembling dread,
They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed!
That very night, when all were sunk in rest,
At midnight hour, the floor I saftly prest,
And staw the sleeping innocent away;
With whom I travell'd some few miles ere day:
All day I hid me;—when the day was done,
I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,
Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
Where needful plenty glads your cheerful swains.
Afraid of being found out, I, to secure
My charge, e'en laid her at this shepherd's door,
And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
Whate'er should happen to her, might be by.
Here honest Glaud himsell, and Symon may
Remember well, how I that very day
Frae Roger's father took my little cove.

Glaud. [with tears of joy happing down his beard.]
I well remember't: Lord reward your love:
Lang have I wish'd for this; for aft I thought,
Sic knowledge sometime should about be brought.

Pat. 'Tis now a crime to doubt,—my joys are full,
With due obedience to my parent's will.
Sir, with paternal love survey her charms,
And blame me not for rushing to her arms:
She's mine by vows; and would, tho' still unknown,
Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

Sir Will. My niece, my daughter, welcome to my care,
Sweet image of thy mother good and fair,
Equal with Patrick: now my greatest aim
Shall be, to aid your joys, and well match'd flame.
My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
With as good will as either would demand.

[*Pate and Peggy embrace, and kneel to
Sir William.*]

Pat. With as much joy this blessing I receive,
As ane wad life, that's sinking in a wave.

Sir Will. [*raises them.*] I give you both my blessing;
may your love
Produce a happy race, and still improve.

Peg. My wishes are complete,—my joys arise,
While I'm half dizzy with the blest surprise.
And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much generous kindness had?
Lang may Sir William bless these happy plains,—
Happy while heaven grant he on them remains.

Pat. Be lang our guardian, still our master be;
We'll only crave what you shall please to gie:
The estate be your's, my Peggy's ane to me.

Glaud. I hope your honour now will take amends
Of them that sought her life for wicked ends.

Sir Will. The base unnatural villain soon shall know
That eyes above watch the affairs below.
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill-got gains.

Peg. To me the views of wealth and an estate,
Seem light when put in balance with my Pate:

For his sake only, I'll aye thankful bow
For such a kindness, *best of men*, to you.

Sym. What double blitheness wakens up this day !
I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away.
Sall I unsaddle your horse, and gar prepare
A dinner for ye, of hale country fare?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow ;
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you ;
Even Bauldy the bewitch'd has quite forgot
Fell Madge's tawse, and pawky Mause's plot.

Sir Will. Kindly old man, remain with you this day,
I never from these fields again will stray :
Masons and wrights shall soon my house repair,
And busy gard'ners shall new planting rear :
My father's hearty table soon you'll see
Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

Sym. That's the best news I heard this twenty year ;
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

Glaud. God save the king, and save Sir William lang
To enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherd's sang.

Rog. Wha winna dance ? wha will refuse to sing ?
What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring ?

Baul. I'm friends with Mause,—with very Madge
I'm 'greed,
Altho' they skelpit me when wudly fleid :
I'm now fu' blithe, and frankly can forgive,
To join and sing, " Lang may Sir William live."

Mad. Lang may he live :—and, Bauldy, learn to
steek
Your gab a wee, and think before you speak ;

And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
Else ye may yet some witch's fingers ban.
This day I'll wi' the youngest of ye rant,
And brag for aye, that I was ca'd the aunt
Of our young lady,—my dear bonny bairn !

Peg. No other name I'll ever for you learn.—
And, my good nurse, how shall I gratefu' be,
For a' thy matchless kindness done for me ?

Mause. The flowing pleasures of this happy day
Does fully all I can require repay.

Sir Will. To faithful Symon, and, kind Glaud, to
you,
And to your heirs I give in endless feu,
The mailens ye possess, as justly due,
For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
Mause, in my house in calmness close your days,
With nought to do, but sing your Maker's praise.

Omnes. The Lord of Heaven return your honour's
love,
Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove.

[*Patie presenting Roger to Sir William.*]

Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always shar'd
My bosom-secrets, ere I was a laird ;
Glaud's daughter Janet (Jenny, thinkna shame)
Rais'd, and maintains in him a lover's flame :
Lang was he dumb, at last he spake and won,
And hopes to be our honest uncle's son :
Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,
That nane may wear a face of discontent.

Sir Will. My son's demand is fair: Glaud, let me
crave

That trusty Roger may your daughter have,
With frank consent; and while he does remain
Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain.

Glaud. You crowd your bounties, Sir; what can we
say,

But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay?
Whate'er your honour wills, I shall obey.
Roger, my daughter with my blessing take,
And still our master's right your business make:
Please him, be faithful, and this auld gray head
Shall nod with quietness down amang the dead.

Rog. I ne'er was good at speaking a' my days,
Or ever loed to make owre great a fraise;
But for my master, father, and my wife,
I will employ the cares of all my life.

Sir Will. My friends, I'm satisfied you'll all behave,
Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.
Be ever virtuous; soon or late you'll find
Reward, and satisfaction to your mind.
The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild;
And aft when hopes are highest we're beguil'd:
Aft, when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
Some happy turn with joy dispels our care.
Now all's at rights, who sings best let me hear.

Peg. When you demand, I readiest should obey:
I'll sing you ane, the newest that I hae.

SANG XXII.

TUNE—"Corn-riggs are bonny."

My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy;
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy:
His shape is handsome, middle size;
He's comely in his walking:
The shining of his een surprise;
'Tis heaven to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on a baw,
Where yellow corn was growing;
There mony a kindly word he spak,
That set my heart a glowing.
He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loed me best of ony,
That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
O, corn-riggs are bonny.

Let lasses of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting;
Since we for yielding were design'd,
We chastely should be granting.
Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
And syne my cockernony
He's free to touzle air or late,
Where corn-riggs are bonny.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



THE
TEXT OF THE FIRST EDITION,
ETC.

THE SONGS.

This subject, generally, is discussed in the Preface. The opening song, to the tune of "The Wauking of the Faulds," is said to have been written by Ramsay to commemorate the pleasure which, in one of his visits to Newhall, he derived from having one morning witnessed the pastoral incident which is the occasion of the lovers' meeting: a scene well fitted to recall the feelings of his own youthful experience.

[Substituting the lines in italics for those referred to,
restores the text of the first edition.]

Page 9, line 12 from top.

Till he yowld sair she strake the poor dumb tyke.

Page 23, line 6 from top.

To shine, or set in glory with Montrose.

Page 30, line 7 from top.

*Well vers'd in herbs and seasons of the moon,
By skilfu' charms 'tis kend what ye have done.*

Page 31, the first four lines of "MAUSE (*her lane*)" are wanting in the first edition.

Page 32, insert between lines 6 and 7 from top.

*Now since the royal Charles, and right's restor'd,
A shepherdess is daughter to a Lord,
The bony Fundling that's brought up by Glaud,*

*Wha has an uncle's care on her bestow'd.
Her infant life I sav'd, when a false friend
Bow'd to the Usurper, and her death design'd;
To establish him and his in all these plains
That by right heritage to her pertains.
She's now in her sweet bloom, has blood and charms
Of too much value for a shepherd's arms.*

Page 33, line 13 from bottom, (previous line awanting.)
Or swear ye'll never tempt to do me wrang.

Page 33, line 7 from bottom.
Shall do thee wrang; I swear by all aboon.

Page 35. The tune, in some editions, to Sang X. is—
“Winter was cauld and my cleathing was thin.”

Page 39, line 2 from top.
*How fail'd and brok's the rising ample shade,
Where peach and nect'rine trees their branches spred,
Basking in rays, and early did produce
Fruit fair to view delightful in the use;
All round in gaps, the walls in ruin ly.*

Page 44, line 7 from bottom, has the last word *least* scored through in Advocates' Library copy, and on margin *best* placed opposite, to improve the rhyme.

Page 50, line 11 from bottom.
*With equal joy my safter heart does yield
To own thy well try'd love has won the field.*

Page 58, Act iv., Scene i.—In Mrs Turner's edition, 1790, the colloquy is begun by Madge in the first line, and Mause answers in the second, whereas in the first and 1728 editions,

followed by that of 1800, Mause repeats the two first lines as a refrain of the news supposed to be told her by Madge before the scene opens. This error has been followed in the 1808 edition, and most others since.

Page 65, line 14 from top.

*But love rebels against all bounding laws ;
Fixt in my soul the shepherdess excels,*

Page 66, line 2 from bottom.

*Fine claiths, soft beds, sweet horses, sparkling wine,
Rich fare, and witty friends where'er ye dine,
Submissive servants honour wealth and ease*

Page 68, line 1 from top.

And proud of being your Secretary, I

Page 70, bottom line.

*When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair,
Made me think life was little worth my care.*

The first line of this couplet has been altered in the present edition, the sense of the text being evidently the author's meaning.

Page 75, line 5 from top.

Dream throw that night till my day-star appear ;

Page 74, line 11 from top.

*Were ilka hair that appertains to me
Worth an estate they all belong to thee :
My sheers are ready, take what you demand,
And ought that love with virtue may command.*

Patie. Nae mair I'll ask.

Page 75, line 2 of the dialogue.

When nature nods beneath the drowsy power.

Page 76, line 10 from bottom.

Lows'd down my breeks, while I like a great fool,

Page 80, between lines 4 and 5 from top.

*Sic are sae void of shame they'll never stap
To brag how often they have had the clap.*

These two lines are deleted from the present text on the authority of the Advocates' Library copy, in which they are scored through by the author.

Page 81, line 5 from bottom.

If he's made for another he'll ne'er be mine.

The false measure here, is corrected in the text, as in the Advocates' Library copy.

Page 82,—Sir William addresses Bauldy as *Archbald*, and Madge does the same at page 86.

Page 85, line 4 from bottom.

*Good nurse despatch thy story winged with blisses
That I may give my cusin fifty kisses.*

Page 86, line 15 from top.

*Then fear of being found out, I to secure
My charge, I laid her at this shepherd's door.*

Page 88, line 11 from top.

My father's hearty table you soon shall see.

The false measure, here, is corrected in the text.

THE SCENERY OF THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

THE nomenclature of *The Gentle Shepherd*, unlike that of Scott's *Poems*, affords no indisputable clue to the locality to which Ramsay refers the scenes of the incidents of his drama; consequently the matter has been made the subject of a good deal of controversy. Two localities have been put forward as distinguished by the poet's choice. One of these is the secluded valley of Glencorse, in the Pentland hills, about nine miles from Edinburgh, where the surroundings of a small water-fall on the Logan Water, which runs through the glen, gets the name of "Habbie's How." The valley, though possessing some features of sterile beauty that make it well worth a visit, has nothing besides the "little linn" corresponding to the Poet's descriptions; and presents no traces of having ever been the scene of so much life and rural interest as the poem suggests. Its claims to being the scenery of *The Gentle Shepherd* are now nowhere maintained.

All the objects corresponding to the scenery described in the poem, awaiting in Glencorse Valley, are to be found around Newhall House. But besides this there is the well known fact that Ramsay was the frequent guest of Sir David Forbes and his son, successive

proprietors of Newhall during his time, while there is no evidence whatever that he ever visited the Valley of Glencorse. There need therefore be no hesitation in accepting the locality of Newhall as the real "Habbie's How," as the scenery is summarily designated.*

It is situated about twelve miles from Edinburgh, by the most direct route, but it may now be most expeditiously got at by train to Penicuik. However, as this latter mode of reaching it is not that which formed its communication with the capital at the era of the drama, nor even when Ramsay was the frequent guest of its hospitable proprietors, it is presumed that the poetic pilgrim will prefer to take the road by which the poet travelled, and to trace the route by which the now classical creations of his fancy are supposed to have found their way to the West Port to sell their "crummocks," and their "bassen'd queys," and "coft" their "cut and dry," and "winsome flutes."

Leaving Edinburgh by the Morningside road, on the left is Bruntsfield Links, over whose downs Ramsay played at Golf, in view of the stately lion of "Arthur's height." A short way on, on the right, is Merchiston Castle, sacred to the memory of Napier the inventor of logarithms. Next comes the suburb of Morning-

* Whether the scene of the drama was discussed when it was first published does not appear. The general designation, "A shepherd's village and fields some few miles from Edinburgh," tended to favour a nearer locality than Newhall; yet it is curious to note, as bearing on this question, that the 4to. copy of the edition of 1728, with Ramsay's autograph inscription to the Countess of Eglintoun, now in the Advocates' Library, has "some few miles from Edinburgh" scored through, and on the margin in the same hand is substituted "in the Southern part of Scotland not far from Edinburgh."

side, where rare Maggy Johnstoun brewed her ale, and whose elegy was about the earliest of Allan's "pieces." Close to the parish church is seen the stone in which was inserted the flag-staff of James IV. before the fatal battle of Flodden. Emerging from the village, about a quarter of a mile to the left, stands Blackford Hill, from whose "uncultured breast" Scott supposes Marmion to have surveyed the Scottish host encamped on the Burgh-moor below; while underneath the traveller's feet, and hardly to be distinguished from an open sewer, flows the Jordan, which Sir Thomas Dick Lauder facetiously describes first, in his genial sketches on the "Rivers of Scotland." About half a mile beyond is the Buck-stone on which the Baron of Penicuik is bound by his charter to wind three blasts of a horn when the King visits the Burgh-moor. Between four and five miles from Edinburgh, at the east end of the Pentland range, which Ramsay, addressing the poet Gay, imagined his Parnassus, the road attains its most elevated point, from which an excellent view is obtained of the valley of the Esk, bounded by the blue waters of the Forth, and called the Tempe of Scotland. A short distance beyond, beautifully situated on the southern slope of the Pentlands, is Woodhouselee, the seat of the late Lord Woodhouselee, and still in the possession of the family of him who has done so much for Ramsay's fame. It appears to have been his belief that Woodhouselee and the Glencorse Valley, which is two miles higher up the hills, to the west, between them, supplied all the requirements of the scenery described in *The Gentle Shepherd*; and he erected a rustic temple to *Allano Ramsay et Genio Loci*, with

a poetical inscription implying this belief. The road to the Glencorse "Habbie's How" is a short way beyond, on the right. About a mile farther on is Rullion Green, where the Covenanters were defeated by General Dalziel in 1666. No place of special interest intervenes between this and Newhall about five miles distant.

The mansion-house, though not the first object in the scenery of *The Gentle Shepherd*, is the most conspicuous and the best centre point to which to relate the rest. At the era of the drama—that of the restoration of Charles II.—Newhall was the property of a Dr Pennecuik, whose son, also a doctor and a local poet and antiquary, is said to have supplied Ramsay with the incidents which form the legend of the poem. He gave the estate to one of his daughters as a marriage portion, and her husband sold it in 1703 to Sir David Forbes, by whom the present mansion-house was built soon after the property came into his possession. Sir David's taste, his love of improvements, and his social disposition, are said to have been Ramsay's model for the character of Sir William Worthy: the fictitious knight being simply the counterpart of the real. The elegance of the building, for the time in which it was erected, was much admired, and many of Ramsay's allusions refer to its arrangements and fittings. Sir David died in 1725, the year in which "*The Gentle Shepherd*" was first published; but his son and successor, Mr John Forbes, was also Ramsay's friend and patron.

The opening scene of the drama, the "Craigy Bield," is less than a quarter of a mile down the stream of the

North Esk from the mansion-house, on the same side. The bield, or shelter, is formed by some grey rocks that rise from the side of the river, and on the grassy slope on the south side of them the two shepherds are supposed to have held their colloquy. Almost opposite, about a quarter of a mile distant, across the river, is seen the "Harbour Craig," so named from having, according to local tradition, afforded shelter to some fugitive Covenanters; this name it now shares with the "Lover's Lowp," from its being the rock whence Patie advised Roger, in the most romantic fashion, to put an end to the pangs of unrequited love. Immediately behind the mansion-house, by the river side, is the Washing Green, the "flow'ry howm between twa verdant braes;" and about a quarter of a mile "farer up the burn" is "Habbie's How," or "Halbert's Dale," described in Act I., Scene II. Glau's onstead, or farm house, and appendages, Act II., Scene I., is in the opposite direction, on the same side of the river, and about a quarter of a mile beyond Craigy Bield, at the junction of Monk's Burn with the Esk. Mause's cottage, the next scene in the order of the poem, is about half a mile higher up the river than "Habbie's How," and about an eighth of a mile from its banks where it is crossed by the high road. The spot gets the local name of Carlops, or Carline's Leap, accounted for by the tradition of a witch or carline of the neighbourhood being in the habit of leaping across the chasm formed by two opposing rocks of the vale through which the road traverses. In the immediate neighbourhood is Roger's house, and a field called Roger's Rig, in which, on the banks of the Esk, stands Ramsay's

Tower. Symon's house, in which the drama is brought to a close, is about a quarter of a mile from the Craigy Bield, on the opposite side of the river, a short distance from the Lover's Lowp.

Anything beyond pointing out the scenes is more appropriately referred to the language of the Poet; and their correspondence with his descriptions is best left to the judgment of the reader. In returning from Newhall, Pennycuik house and grounds may be visited. It is surrounded by beautiful scenery and contains many interesting paintings and antiquities, besides being intimately associated with the memory of Ramsay, who was a frequent guest of Sir John Clerk. His son and successor Sir James Clerk, by whom the present house was built, was also a friend of the Poet, and erected a monument on the grounds to commemorate his association with the spot. The inscription is as follows:—

ALLANO RAMSAY, POETAE EGREGIO,
QUI FATIS CONSESSIT VII JAN. MDCCLVIII.
AMICO PATERNO ET SUO,
MONUMENTUM INSCRIBI JUSSIT
D. JACOBUS CLERK.
ANNO MDCCLIX.

GLOSSARY.

A', 6, all; *for a' that*, 14, notwithstanding.
Ablins, 7, perhaps.
Aboon, 24, above.
Ae, 5, one; *ances*, 36, ones.
Aff, 9, off; *aff-hand*, 22.
Afore, 16, before.
Aft, 86, oft; *aften*, 11, often.
Ails, 14, *what ails ye at him?*
 what objections have you to him?
Ain, 17, one's own.
Air, 9, early.
Airt, 21, direction, quarter of the heavens.
Aith, 33, oath; *aiths*, 27.
A-jee, 14, to one side; *a thought a-jee*, the least thing aside.
Alake! 21, alas!
Alane, 6, alone.
Amacist, 28, almost.
Amang, 30, among.
An, 29, and; 82, if.
Ance, 33, once.
Ane, 7, one.
Aneath, 44, beneath.
Anither, 11, another.
An't like, 82, if it please.
Asteer, 10, astir, abroad.
At a stand, 65, in a difficulty.
At rights, 90, put to rights.
Attour, 41, out over, besides.
Auld, 5, old; *auld boy*, 22.
Auld Nick, 32, the devil.

Aunty, 36, familiar for aunt.
Awya, 10, away.
Awn, 8, own, admit, confess.
A-will, 9, of its own accord.
Bade, 41, withstood, staid.
Badrans, 31, a cat.
Bairn, 15, a child; *bairns*, 19;
 29, used to a grown person.
Bairnie, 84, little child.
Baith, 7, both.
Ban, 69, rue; 89, curse.
Bands, 38, hinges.
Bane-fire, 26, bonfire.
Bannocks, 12, oat cakes baked thick and round.
Barlickhoods, 16, fits of passion through drink or anger.
Ba's, 60, balls.
Bassen'd, 22, white faced.
Bawsy, 30, a cow or horse with a white face.
Bauch, 53, sorry, mean, disrespected.
Bauld, 6, bold, confident; *bauldly*, 11.
Bauldy, 9, familiar for Archibald.
Bawlk, 91, an unploughed strip or corner of a field.
Be, 9, for is, *she be*; 16, for will be; 25, for by, *be a score*; 61, for by, *stand be*; 65, for alone, *let me be*.

- Bedeem*, 24, immediately, in haste.
Beek, 79, a warming; *beeking*, 28, basking.
Begunk, 23, a trick, stratagem.
Bein, 8, wealthy, well furnished.
Be't, 41, albeit.
Ben, 7, farther in; 24, from the outer to the inner apartment, both indicated in the phrase *butt and ben*.
Bend, 25, drink out; 42, a drink.
Bent, 19, the open field, *to the bent*, fled from his creditors; 44, pasturage.
Betooch-us-to! 43, preserve us.
Beuk, 25, baked.
Beyont, 14, beyond.
Bicker, 25, a wooden drinking dish.
Bide, 14, endure.
Bield, 5, shelter; 31, dwelling.
Bigonets, 20, linen caps.
Billy, 44, brother, familiarly applied to a stranger.
Birken, 73, birch, or of birch.
Birks, 13, birch trees.
Birky, 25, *auld birky*, old boy, plucky old fellow.
Birn, 41, burnt mark on sheep.
Birns, 34, stalks of burnt heath.
Black-sole, 50, a confidant in courtship.
Blae-berries, 34, bill-berries.
Blate, 9, bashful.
Blashy, 18, splashing, wetting.
Blaw! 22, wind! stuff!
Blaw the coal, 62, to incite passion.
Blawn, 18, blown; *thick-blawn*, 39, in full bloom.
Blaws, 35, blows, excites.
Bleer'd, 81, red and bedimmed with weeping.
Bleeters, 51, sheep.
Bleeze, 72, polish, sheen, blaze.
Bleezing, 20, blazing.
Blob, 27, drop.
Bob, 41, dance, up and down.
Bobbit-bands, 26, tasseled cravats.
Bob-tail'd, 51, short tailed, that bobs up and down.
Bode, 19, aim, anticipate; 44, forebode.
Bonnier, 41, more beautiful.
Bonny, 5, beautiful; 10, pretty; 61, sarcastically, nasty.
Bouk, *mutton-bouk*, 25, sheep's carcase, or the bulk of one.
Bourd, 80, jest, dally, sport.
Bow, 25, a boll, two-thirds of a sack.
Bowie, 35, pail, *milk-bowie*.
Braes, 13, a hill-sides, or river banks.
Brak, 82, broke.
Brankan, 81, prancing, capering.
Brats, 18, clothes.
Brattling, 13, hurrying with clattering of the feet.
Braw, 7, fine conditioned; 12, fine; 44, grand; 66, great.
Brawny, 30, a cow or ox of a striped brown colour.
Breaks, 18, becomes bankrupt.
Breckans, 35, fears.
Brecks, 96, knee-breeches.
Briss, 49, press, bruise.

- Brock*, 61, a badger.
Broe, 18, broth, the water in which anything is boiled.
Brown-cow, 40, ale barrel.
Bught, 7, a pen in which ewes are milked.
Bughting, 35, milking time.
Bumbaze, 77, to confuse.
Bumbaz'd, 9, sheepish, out of countenance.
Burn, 13, stream, brook.
Burnie, 13, streamlet; *little burnie*, 32.
Busk, 33, to deck, dress.
Bustine, 10, fustian, (cloth).
But, 27, without, *but doubt*; *but a flaw*, 30, without a lie.
Butt, 46, from the inner room.
By, 14, on account of, *carena by*.
By and attour, 41, over and above; besides.
Byre, 7, a cowhouse.
Ca', 33, call; *ca'd*, 23, named; *ca's*, 55, calls.
Cadgy, 11, merrily, winning; 64, happy.
Canker'd, 21, snarling, irritable.
Canna, 27, cannot.
Canny, 19, careful, prudent.
Cantraips, 27, spells, charms.
Canty, 18, homely, merry.
Carena, 14, care not.
Carle, 29, an old man.
Carriage, 35, for behaviour.
Cast, 27, *cast cantraips*, employ charms, or spells; 31, upshot; 32, stock or gift.
Cast up, 41, 62, to taunt or reproach with.
Cauld, 6, cold, indifferent.
Cauler, 6, cool, fresh.
Cauldrife, 9, chilling, repelling.
Cawfs, 42, calves.
Cawk, 63, to chalk.
Cherish'd, 11, comforted.
Chiels, 15, fellows.
Chirm, 6, chirp and sing.
Chitter, 75, shiver; the teeth chitter when they strike against each other.
Choos'd, 34, chose.
Chuck, 9, a hen.
Chuffy-cheeked, 30, chubby.
Claes, 13, *claiths*, 95, clothes.
Claith, 46, cloth, table-cloth.
Clatteran, 42, a tattler.
Clean's a leek, 11, skilfully and completely.
Cleck, 22, hatch stories.
Cleek, 7, catch as with a hook.
Clim, 33, climb.
Cloud, 38, for disguise.
Clute, 8, hoof, cow or sheep.
Coarse-spun, 17, vulgar.
Cockernony, 10, the gathering of a woman's hair tied with a fillet or snood.
Coft, 22, bought.
Coof, 58, a lout, a stupid fellow; *coofs*, 17, dolts.
Corbies, 7, ravens.
Cottars, 25, cottagers.
Cou'dna, 9, could not.
Cow, 9, a bugbear; see *shelly-coated cow*.
Crack, 40, to chat; 55, to converse; 47, talk; *within a crack*, 10, quickly; *cracks*, 22, news.
Craig, 9, a rock; *craigy*, 5, rocky.
Crap, 76, crept.
Crove, 86, a cottage.

- Crune*, 28, incantations, murmured, or hummed, from Gaelic *cronan*, the purring of a cat, or of water, or a lullaby.
Crummock, 22, a cow with crooked horns, from Gaelic *cromag*.
Cry'd, 32, called.
Cunzie, 7, cash, coin.
Curn, 25, a small quantity.
Cut and dry, 22, applied to tobacco.

Daffin, 48, unreflecting folly, fun, or waggyery.
Daft, 8, foolish; 9, silly; 13, mad; *daftly*, 8, foolishly.
Dainty, 8, of elegant make; 18, useful; 41, fine, handsome.
Darna, 27, dare not.
Dash, 14, put out of countenance, cast down.
Dawted, 14, petted, spoiled with caressing; 33, courted; 50, beloved, cared for.
Dead, 27, for death.
Decree, 81, fate, God's will.
Decreet, 54, decision.
Deil, 15, devil; *a very deil*, a perfect devil.
Dern'd, 21, hidden.
Dic'd, 14, crossed, to form a dice pattern.
Didna, 54, did not.
Dike, 10, a turf or stone fence.
Dings, 34, excels, beats.
Dinna, 9, do not.
Disna, 42, does not.
Dit, 7, stop, close up.
Divot, 22, *divot seat*, turf seat.
Doilt, 82, stupid, confused.

Doof, 59, lout, dullhead.
Dool, 8, woe is me! pain, sorrow.
Dorts, 10, saucy, proud pet.
Dorty, 8, scornful, proud, saucy; 59, ill to please.
Dosens, 20, cools, dwindles.
Dow, 43, am able, can.
Dowie, 8, doleful, melancholy.
Downa, 7, do not; 31, expressive of dislike.
Dowp, 77, posteriors, the bottom of anything.
Drap, 33, drop, cease.
Draps, 47, falls back from.
Dreary, 23, wearisome.
Dree, 52, to suffer, endure.
Drivensnaw, 58, drifted snow.
Drouth, 8, thirst, drought.
Drove, 57, for driven.
Dubs, 22, water puddles.
Duddy, 18, tattered, ragged.
Dunt, 76, to beat excessively.
Dyvour, 18, a bankrupt.
Dyvours, 90, debtors.

Eastlin, 20, eastern, easterly.
Eat in your words, 61.
Ee, 17, eye; *een*, 10, eyes.
E'en, 20, evening; 23, indeed.
Eild, 30, old age.
Eith, 35, 47, easy, easily.
Eithly, 7, easily.
Elf-shot, 7, bewitched, shot by fairies, or elves.
Elritch, 76, unearthly, wild.
Elsce, 48, already.
Elspa, *Elspath*, 24, a name supposed by Dr Jamieson to have corresponded with Elizabeth though now used independently.

Elewand, 38, ell, or yard stick
Eneugh, 60, enough.

Ergh, 47, to hesitate.

Ether-cap, 62, any reptile that emits atter or virulent matter, as an adder, toad, or wasp; metaphorically applied to a spiteful person.

Ettle, 7, make an attempt at; 18, aim, design.

Evens, 46, ascribes to.

Fa, 13, fall, set to; *fa's*, 18, falls, becomes.

Fae, 21, a foe, enemy, or fay.

Fa'en, 69, fallen.

Fain, 35, pleased, joyful; 69, tickled with pleasure.

Fair fa' 11, to wish a fair fate to fall to one's lot.

Faith, 28, indeed!

Falds, 14, folds; 27, folded.

Fallow, 14, fellow.

Fand, 53, found.

Farder, 62, further.

Farer, 7, farther; *farer seen*, 64, more knowing.

Farthest, 43, for utmost.

Fash, 11, vex; *never fash your thumb*, "be not the least vexed, be easy;" *never fash your beard*, 45.

Fashes, 8, troubles.

Fashous, 18, troublesome.

Faulds, 5, sheepfolds.

Fause, 22, false,

Faut, 51, fault.

Fear'd, 28, for afraid.

Fechting, 16, fighting, quarrelsome.

Feckless, 14, silly, feeble, little.

Feg, 19, a fig.

Fell, 17, wise, clever, skillful, *fellest*, 42.

Fell out, 30, happened.

Fells, 34, hill sides.

Fere, 29, active, sound.

Ferly, 19, wonder; *ferly'd*, 58, *ferlies*, 59.

Feu, 89, fief, tenure.

Firlot, 25, four pecks, a fourth of a boll.

Fit, 60, a foot, a bit.

Flacs, 22, fleas.

Flaw, 23, a lie; *flaws*, 42, *flawing*, 46.

Flee, 56, fly, run; *flees*, 18; *fleid*, 88, fled.

Fleech, 33, to cox, to flatter.

Fleg, 63, frighten.

Flesh a' creep, 8, shudder, contract with fear.

Flet, 11, did scold.

Flichtering, 34, fluttering.

Flit, 33, shift, remove.

Flyte, 16, scold.

Flype, 61, to flay.

Foggy, 69, moss-covered.

Fool-thing, 14, little fool.

Foregainst, 40, opposite.

Foregather'd, 35, met, associated.

Forget, 18, for forgot.

Forrow, 51, not with calf, giving milk.

Fou, 10, quite; *fu' weel*, 28, full well.

Fouth, 10, plenty—a fouth.

Fowk, 8, folk.

Frae, 7, from.

Fraise, 16, fuss, flattery.

Freath, 21, *freath the graith*, raise froth with washing lye.

Frien', 22, friend.

Frighted, 48, timid, frightened.

Fundling, 93, foundling.

Fye, 15, shame, or haste.

Gab, 88, the mouth.

Gae, 9, go; *gaed*, 34, went.

Gaes, 14, goes.

Gait, 17, manner, art.

Gaits, 33, goats.

Gane, 16, gone off.

Gang, 11, go; 34, walk; *gang-*
ing, 60, going.

Gangs, 30, goes about.

Gar, 19, to cause; *gars*, 6,
makes, forces.

Gart, 24, made.

Gat, 19, got.

Gate, 29, way, direction.

Gates, 80, practices, courses.

Gawn, 10, going.

Gawky, 36, *giglet gawky*, a
giggling idiot.

Gaws, 42, galls, frets.

Gay and early, 10, pretty early.

Gear, 7, goods, store.

Geck, 11, mock; *gecks*, 9, jeers

Gentler, 81, more fashionable.

Getts, 18, children, contemp-
tously; applied to young
animals.

Ghaist, 63, ghost.

Gie, 19, give, *gies*, 6, gives.

Gie's, 12, give us.

Gif, 9, if, whether.

Gin, 37, if, suppose.

Girning, 48, snarling.

Glooman brow, 18, threatening
look.

Glower, 75, to stare, gape.

Glowring, 10, looking list-
lessly; *glowers*, 15.

Gowans, 5, daises.

Gowany, 27, daisied.

Gowd, 12, gold.

Gowk, 9, simpleton, fool, one
who harps too long on one
subject; probably a render-
ing of the Gaelic name of the
cuckoo *cnthag*, pron. *kuag*.

Grace-drink, 12, a drink taken
after grace after meat.

Graith, 21, suds used as a lye.

Grane, 63, groan; *granes*, 5.

Grat, 59, wept.

Gray, 61, fatal, *gray gate*, way
to ruin.

Gree, 41, prize, victory.

Grein, 7, to long for.

Greet, 14, to cry; 62, bewail;
greeting, 81, weeping.

Grips, 10, grasp.

Grit, 44, great, familiar.

Groats, 31, milled oats.

Gusty, 25, savoury, juicy.

Gyle, 26, wild, mad.

Ha', 60, hall, *ha'-house*.

Hab, 23, contraction for Hal-
bert, anglice Albert.

Habby's How, 13, Halbert's,
or Albert's hollow, or dell.

Hadna, 25, had not.

Hae, 15, have; *hae't*, 26, have it

Haffet, 10, side of the head;
haffet-locks, side-locks.

Hagabag, 20, coarsetable linen.

Haggis, 25, a pudding made
with the liver and lungs of
a sheep, mixed with oat-
meal, suet, onions, salt and
pepper, boiled in the
stomach.

Hag-raid, 23, oppressed; *hags*,
peat pits, or mossy ground.

- Haith*, 14, faith ! indeed.
Hald, 19, dwelling, holding.
Hale, 29, whole, *hale and fere*, sound and active ; 88, wholesome.
Halesome, 5, wholesome ; 6, healthful.
Hallon, *hallonside*, 42, a fence of stone or turf built at the doors of country houses as a shelter from the wind.
Hame, 18, home ; *welcome-hame*, 25.
Haslen, 65, partly, to the extent of a half.
Haly, 61, holy, *haly band*, the Kirk Session.
Happing, 86, hopping, dropping.
Hapt, 84, wrapped up.
Hard on, 63, for close on.
Harigalds, 63, contemptuous term for the hair.
Haud, or *hald*, 12, stop, hold ; 48, *haud*, *ye merry a'*.
Hawbies, 29, cows.
'Haviours, 31, behaviour.
Haws, 76, hawthorns.
Hawstock woo, 12, the wool that grows on the *hass*, throat ; the finest wool.
Hawthornden and Stirling, 55, the poets, Drummond of Hawthornden and Sir W. Alexander, Earl of Stirling.
Hearten, 11, cheer up.
Heartsome, 6, cheering, 18, cheerful, happy.
Hechts, 36, promises, offers.
Hefts, 17, adheres to, inhabits.
Heh ! 15, an expression of wonder or contempt.
Herd, 14, shepherd ; *herds*, 13.
Here-yestreen, 25, the night before yesternight.
He's, 16, for he 'll ; 32, he is.
Het, 13, hot.
Heather-bells, 34, heath blossom
Hey ! 18, ha ! ha ! 85, used for hailing.
Hidlings, 22, hiding places.
Hinaer, 8, last.
Hings, 26, hangs.
Hinny, 10, honey, *hinny pear*.
Hissel-shaw, 73, hazel wood, or copse.
Hobblesherw, 78, hubbub, confused, racket.
Hodden-gray, 81, homespun.
Hool, 76, place, hole, husk.
Hound, 10, send off.
How, 13, hollow, dell, low ground.
How d'ye ? 14, how do you do ?
Howdy, 30, midwife.
Howks, 28, digs.
Howm, 13, holm, plain along a river.
Howms, 18, meadows.
Howt ! 61, fye ! expressive of objection.
Ilk, 16, each ; 17, every ; *Lady of that Ilk*, 29, indicates that title and surname are the same, as M'Leod of M'Leod, or of that Ilk.
Ilka, 7, every ; 11, each.
Ingans, 25, onions.
Ingle, 20, fire ; *peat-ingle*, 40.
Ingle-side, *ingle-edge*
Is, 's be yours, 12, will be yours ; *the seething pat's be*, 20.
I'se, 15, I shall, *I'se no be*, I'll not be.

Ither, 22, other.

Jaccacynths, 38, hyacinths.

Jaw, 7, to dash about, as in waves.

Jock Wabster, 18, *the deil gaes o'er Jock Wabster*, "everything went topsy turvy."

Joe, 11, sweetheart.

Kail, 23, broth, colewort.

Kail-yard, 29, a kitchen garden

Kaims, 14, combs.

Keep up, 8, for hide or retain.

Ken, 23, know; *kens*, 8; *ken'd*, 14, knew; 19, known, familiar; *kent*, 11.

Kenna, 36, know not.

Kent, 44, a shepherd's staff.

Kilted, 10, tucked up.

Kirk, 14, the church.

Kirn, 41, a churn.

Kirn'd, 30, churned.

Kittle, 22, tickle, excite; *kittle-cast*, 31, dangerous or mysterious upshot.

Kitted-why, 81, kept in a wooden dish called a *kit*.

Knit-up, 15, this phrase may mean hang-up, or engage.

Knowe, 9, a hillock.

Knots, 14, bows, ribbon-knots.

Kye, 41, cows.

Kytie, 53, corpulent or glutinous, from *kyte* the belly; *laird Kytie's son*.

Laddie, 35, lad, affectionately.

Laird, 12, landlord, squire.

Laith, 36, loath.

Lammas, 51, the third Scotch term, 1st August.

Landwart, 79, rustic, country.

Landwart-cast, 73, rustic manners.

Lane, 14, alone; *your lane*, 16, by yourself; *their lane*, 25; *lanely*, 31, lonely.

Lang, 16, long; *langest*, 54.

Langing, 47, longing, wistful.

Langsome, 16, lengthened, tedious.

Lap, 10, leaped.

Lass, 10, sweetheart, girl; *lasses*, 13.

Lassie, 13, girl, a young girl.

Lave, 6, the rest; 36, the generality.

Lav'rocks, 32, larks.

Lea, 10, meadow, pasturage.

Lear, 54, learning; 67, to learn.

Leel, 10, true, faithful, loyal.

Leen, 61, stop, cease.

Lec-side, 84, sheltered side.

Leglen, 34, a milk pail; *leglens*, 7.

Len, 75; *lend*, 16, give.

Let na on, 31, don't mention

Leugh, 10, laughed.

Lick, 16, blow, stroke.

Lied, 61; *ye lied*, for you lie.

Lift, 13, the sky.

Lightlies, 17, slights.

Lilt the spring, 88, play the tune.

Lilts, 34, sings; *liltit*, 60, sung.

Lin, 13, a waterfall, or the pool below it; from the Gaelic, *linn*.

Linkan, 10, skipping; 60, speeding.

Loan, 7, a lane or common.

Lock, 53, barrier.

Loe, 9 (pron. *loo*), love; *loes*, 14.

- Loof*, 58; *loofs*, 42, hands, or the palms of the hands.
Loss, 8, for lose.
Loudering lick, 16, a severe blow.
Lout, 8, allow, let, stoop.
Low, 26, blaze; 28, flame.
Lowan, 8, burning, scorching.
Lowp, 9, leap; *lowping*, 10; *lowp back*, 62, retract.
Lowps, 64, beats.
Lowrie, 58, Lawrence—*tod-lowrie*, the fox.
Lows'd, 96, loosed.
Lucky, 29, familiar name for an elderly woman, as *Goody*.
Lug, *lug out your box*, 22, hand out.
Luggies, 40, wooden dishes with ears or short handles.
Lugs, 7, the ears; *bonnet lug*, 14, where the split in the cap is tied at the ear.
Lyart, 24, hoary, gray-haired.

Madge, 25, abbrev. of Magdalen.
Mac, 43, more.
Maiks, 20, mates, husbands.
Mailens, 89, farms, leases; 24, rents.
Mair, 6, more; *maist*, 19, most.
Mak, 9, make.
Mansworn, 33, perjured.
Maun, 7, must.
Maunna, 19, must not, may not.
Mause, 29, abbrev. of Magdalen.
Maut, 25, malt.
Mavis, 33, the thrush.
Mawn, 27, mown: *new-mawn*.
Meikle, 16, much; 25, big, great.
Meiklest, 26, biggest, largest.
Menin, 52, minnow.

Merle, 33, the blackbird.
Midden, 22, a dunghill.
Milk and meal, 50, representatives of plenty.
Mint, 8, venture; 30, mean, try, aim; 63, attempt.
Mirk, 31, dark; 49, darken.
Misca'd, 10, abused, scolded; *misca's*, 18.
Mistane, 41, mistaken.
Mither, 51, mother.
Mittans, 26, woollen gloves.
Mixture, 20, for union.
Mony, 7, many.
Moo, 58, the mouth.
Mools, 41, the earth, the grave.
Morn (the), 52, to-morrow.
Mows, 19, jest, joke.
Muck, 29, dung—*muck to lead*, to cart a-field.
Mucking, 24, cleaning from dung.
Muir, 46, moor—*muir and dale*, moorland and valley.
Mysell, 12, myself: *like mysell*.

Na, 8, no; 10, not.
Nae, 6, no; 8, not.
Naething, 6, nothing.
Nane, 15, none.
Nansy, 21, Agnes.
Nappy, 24, ale or whisky.
Needna, 9, need not.
Neibour, 7, neighbour.
Neist, 16, next, nearest.
Neps, 9, abbrev. of Elizabeth.
Neuk, 25, nook, chimney-corner.
Newcal, 51, a cow that has calved.
Nick, 23, the devil.
Nieves, 58, hands, fists.
No, 16, for not—*why no*.

Nocht, 19, nought, nothing.
Nor, 66, for than.
Nowt, 7, head of cattle, cows.

Obeysant, 67, obedient.
O'er, 10, over, across.
O'ercome, 8, surplus.
O'erput, 75, overcome, survive.
Oinstead, 58, farm house and appendages.

Ony, 10, any.
Or, 18, for ere, or before—
or't be lang, ere it be long ;
or e'en, 25, before evening ;
 41, for if, *or he were*.

Orp, 14, to weep with convulsive sobs.

O't, 12, of it.

Owk, 36, week.

Owre, 8, too.

Owrelay, 14, cravat or plaid.

Owsen, 60, oxen.

Oxter, 44, the armpit.

Pat, 20, pot.

Pat aff, 63, put off.

Paughty, 8, proud, haughty.

Pawky, 88, witty, droll.

Pawkily, 58, slily, humourously.

Peebles, 13, pebbles.

Pensylie, 14, affectedly.

Pictures, 28, images or effigies.

Pith, 17, force, power ; 63, strength, might.

Pithless, 76, strengthless.

Plaiden, 29, home-spun woollen cloth, winsey.

Plet, 34, plaited.

Pleugh, 60, plough.

Plotcock, 28, the devil.

Pounds, 19 (pron. *pinds*), dis-trains, seizes.

Poke, 22, bag, budget.

Poortith, 18, poverty.

Poplan, 29, bubbling up.

Pouch, 58, a pocket.

Poutchfu', 55, a pocketful.

Pow, 28, skull.

Prin, 81, to pin.

Prins, 28, pins.

Propine, 11, gift, present.

Pu', 34, to pull ; *pu'd*, 59.

Pund, 22, pound.

Putt the stane, 34, throw the stone ; *putted*, 35.

Queans, 7, wenchies.

Quey, 22, a young cow, heifer ;
quey-cawfs, 42, she calves.

Quo', 60, says.

Racket-rent, 24, rack-rent.

Ram-horn speons, 81 ; termed
green-horn spoons at p. 40.

Rant, 21, a scolding ; *rants*,
 6, songs ; 25, feast and
 make merry ; a *rantin fire*,
 60, a blazing fire.

Rares, 45, roars.

Rashes, 34, rushes ; *rashy*, 34.

Rattling chieks, 22, voluble
 talkers, story-tellers.

Redd, 12, to rid, unravel ; 61,
 to separate folk that are
 fighting ; 45, *I'm redd*, I'm
 apprehensive.

Reek, 79, smoke.

Reesting, 25, being smoked.

Reiver, 68, a robber or pirate.

Rife, 18, plentiful.

Riggs, 35 ; *corn-riggs*, the
 ridges or divisions of a field.

Rin, 16, run ; *rius, rinning*, 28.

Rock, 61, a distaff.

Roos'd, 35, praised.
Roove, 89, to rivet, clench.
Roude, 61, an ill-natured virago, a termagant.
Rousted, 43, rusted.
Row, 31, roll; *row'd up*, 42, wrapped up.
Rowin', 7, rolling; *rowin' een*, 37, rolling eyes.
Rowt, 51, to roar or low like cattle, to bellow.
Rowth, 19, plenty; 55, a supply.
Rucks, 18, ricks or stacks of hay or corn.
Rumple, 23, the Rump Parliament.

Sae, 6, so; 16, as.
Saebeins, 9, it being so, since.
Saft, 32, soft.
Saftly, 6, 86, gently, quietly.
Sair, 11, sore, much; 14, hard.
Sakeless, 86, innocent.
Sall, 23, shall.
Samen, 51, the same.
Sang, 5, song; *put you in a sang*, 18, make a song about you.
Sark, 44, a shirt.
Saugh, 7, willows; *saugh-tree*, 52.
Saul, 7, soul.
Sauld, 8, sold.
Sawn, 80, sown.
Saws, 43, sayings, tales.
Sax, 8, six.
Sayna, 48, say not.
Scads, 18, scalds.
Scart, 14, to scrape, scratch.
Scrimp, 53, scant.
Scrimpit, 7, narrow, stingy.
See, 18, for seeing — *see sic wee tots*.

Sell, self, *yourself*, 8; *sells*, 31.
Sets, 12, the checks in tartan; 59, suits, sarcastically.
Scy'd, 35, tried.
Shave, 12, slice.
Shaw, 10, to show; 30, a wood; *shaws*, 9, shows.
Sheers, 95, scissors.
Shelly-coated core, 9, "one of those frightful spectres the ignorant people are terrified at and tell strange stories of—that they are clothed in a coat of shells which make a horrid rattling."
Shevelling-gabbit, 61, wry-mouthed.
Shoon, 66, shoes.
Shor'd, 24, threatened.
Shorn, 25, minced, chopped.
Sic, 6, such; *siccan*, 59, such like; 72, so much.
Siller, 12, silver.
Simmer, 54, summer.
Sindie, 55, seldom.
Singan, 13, singing; *singan din*, sounding noise.
Sinsyne, 84, since then.
Skair, 51, to share.
Skaith, 17, injury, damage.
Skelfs, 40, shelves.
Skelpit, 88, flogged the hips.
Skiffing, 10, tripping lightly.
Sled, 24, a sledge or cart.
Slee, 23, sly.
Slid, 7, persuasive speech.
Sma', 7, small.
Smoor, 18, smother; *smoor'd*, 7.
Snaw, 7, snow; *snaw-ba's*, 60, snow-balls, metaphorically, youthful frolicsomeness.
Snooded, 10, the *snood* is a

- band for tying up a maiden's hair, and emblematic of her virgin character.
- Snools*, 17, those who are dispirited by hard labour or bad treatment, slaves.
- Sonsy*, 46, well-conditioned, happy, evidently from the Gaelic *son*, happy.
- Sornan*, 53, spunging, loafing.
- Sough*, 32, moan or sigh.
- Spae*, 43, to foretell fortunes ; *spacing*, 45 ; *spae-men*, 43.
- Spaining-time*, 42, weaning-time.
- Spak*, 11, spake.
- Spate*, 18, a torrent or flood.
- Speer*, 24, ask ; *speer at him*, 45, ask him ; *speer'd*, 9, inquired ; *speers*, 52.
- Spill*, 7, spoil, disturb.
- Sprains*, 12, stripes of different colours.
- Spring*, 9, lively tune on a musical instrument.
- Stan*, 75, stand.
- Stand*, 63, for refuse.
- Stane*, 20, stone ; *hearth-stane*.
- Stanes*, 67, stones in weight.
- Stang*, 67, sting.
- Starns*, 49, the stars.
- Staw*, 86, stole.
- Steck*, 88, shut up, close.
- Steght*, 53, crammed.
- Stend*, 22, bound, move with hasty strides.
- Stent*, 24, restrain, stint.
- Stock and horn*, 9, a musical instrument, the *stock* of which is the thigh-bone of a sheep, or a piece of elder, with stops in the middle.
- Strae*, 11, straw.
- Strak*, 9, struck.
- Strapan*, 41, clever, tall, handsome.
- Suckler-brae*, 73, a sheltered place where the weaker lambs, called sucklers, were kept.
- Sugar'd words*, 48, flattery.
- Sung*, 25, singed.
- Swaird*, 64, sword.
- Sweat*, 30, did sweat.
- Sweet*, 56, loving like.
- Swith*, 62, swift.
- Syne*, 7, then ; 20, since, ago ; 26, afterwards.
- Taids*, 28, toads.
- Tak*, 12, take.
- Ta'en*, 12, taken ; *tane*, 41, caught, impressed.
- Tald*, 26, told.
- Tarrows*, 14, refuses what is liked, through cross humour.
- Tass*, 45, a little dram-cup.
- Tate*, 58, small quantity.
- Tattling gang*, 69, gossiping crew.
- Tawse*, 82, a scourge.
- Tell'd*, 82, for told.
- Tent*, 11, watch ; 14, observe ; 15, heed ; 42, examines.
- Tenting*, 5, watching ; 18, attending, taking care of.
- Tether-stake*, 16, metaphorically applied.
- Thack*, 22, thatched.
- Thae*, 17, these, those.
- That's*, 19, for that are—*wives that's virtuous*.
- Thereout*, 43, without, went about the country.

Thievess, 10, unmeaning, purposeless.

Thirle, 17, thrill, vibrate.

Thole, 8, suffer; 9, endure; 62, permit; *tholed*, 37.

Thought (a), 14, the least thing.

Thow, 47, thaw; *thows*, 18.

Thraug, 34, throng, crowd.

Thrawart, 7, froward, perverse; 76, crossly averse.

Thrawn, 9, cross-grained.

Thrawn-gabbit, 9, showing temper by twisting the mouth.

Tibby, 30, familiar name for Isabel.

Tift, 12, in trim or humour.

Tighter, 48, smarter.

Till, 8, to, unto; *till't*, 9, to it.

Timcously, 76, early.

Timmer, 44, wooden drinking cup; *turn the timmer*, drink round to the health of the person toasted.

Tine, 25, lose; *tines*, 18, loses.

Tint, 9, lost; 16, given up.

Titty, 42, sister.

Tocher, 59, portion, dowry.

Tods, 7, foxes; *tod-lowrie*, 58.

Toolying, 18, sporting, scrambling.

Toom, 18, empty.

Tots, 18, children affectionately, referring to their first steps, *tots*.

Touze, 91, dishevel in frolic.

Towin'd, 63, drubbed, thrashed.

Towmonds, 84, a year, twelve months.

Towz'd, 63, disordered by rough handling.

Trig, 26, trim, neat; *trigger*, 14.

Tron, 19, public weighing place.

Troth, 14, in truth; 19, truly.

Trotting, 13, running, applied to a stream, *a trotting burnie*.

Trow, 10, guess; 35, believe; *trow'd*, 73.

Tryst, 52, appointment, engagement; *trysted*, 76.

Tulzie, 61, scuffle, squabble.

Twa, 5, two.

Twa three, 77, two or three.

Twitch, 32, a moment, touch.

T'ye, 43, to your health.

Tyke, 9, beast, a dog of the larger common breeds.

Unafraid, 40, for not afraid.

Under night, 30, for through the night.

Unco, 9, very; 46, strange.

Unco fraise, 16, extra fuss.

Unfothered, 24, unfoddered.

Unscrapit, 62, foul.

Unsonsy, 28, noxious, baneful.

Upo' sight, 24, on making their appearance.

Usquebae, 45, whisky, Gaelic, literally water of life, *agua vitæ*.

V'ery, 88, for even.

Virles, 8, rings, ferrules.

Vissy't, 40, view it, inspect it.

Vogue, 19, highest repute.

Vow and lawp back, 62, promise and withdraw.

Wad, 8, would; *what wad ye?* 26, what mean you? *wad made*, 84, would have made.

Wadna, 36, would not.

- Wae*, 43, sad ; 62, sorry.
Waes me! 27, woes me !
Waff, 10, waf, wandering.
Wale, 26, to chose ; *wales*, 48.
Wale (the), 6, the best.
Wame, 53, the belly, womb.
Wan, 34, did win.
Wants na, 50, want not.
Ware, 67, spend ; *wares*, 72.
Wark, 13, work.
World, 19, world ; *worldly*, 7.
Warlock, 58, wizard.
Warse, 84, worse ; *warst*, 18.
Wa's, 48, walls.
Wat, 9, know.
Wathers, 7, wethers, castrated rams.
Watna-whats, 73, know-not-whats.
Wattie, 30, familiar for Walter.
Wauking, 5, watching.
Wean, 14, a child—*wee-ane* ; 41, used to a grown person.
Wear, 10, to bring back.
Wee, 18, little ; *wee-thing*, 21 ; *wee piece gae*, 43, a short distance ; *a wee*, 88, a short time.
Weeds, 31, dress ; 84, clothes.
Weel, 5, well.
Westlin, 32, western.
Wha, 9, who ; *whase*, 7, whose.
Whilk, 14, which.
Whinging, 9, whining manner ; 18, whimpering.
Whins, 34, furze.
Whisht! 38, hush ! silence !
Whistles, 44, flutes.
Whups, 42, whips, pulls.
Wi', 8, with.
Will-fire, 22, wildfire.
Wimpled, 46, intricate, enigmatical.
Wimpling, 13, winding, meandering.
Winna, 60, will not.
Wins, 76, dwells, resides.
Winsome, 8, winning, agreeable.
Withershins, 28, cross motions, against the sun's course.
Withouten, 68, without.
Wonder weel, 33, 54, wondrous well.
Wout, 73, used.
Woo, 12, wool.
Woody, 23, the gallows.
Word, 30, for report—*word that gangs*, that circulates.
Wordy, 12, worthy.
Wow! 18, I wonder ; 48, used sarcastically, as, no doubt.
Wrang, 30, to wrong.
Wreaths of snaw, 18, snow driven into heaps.
Wud, 11, mad ; *wudly*, 88.
Wynd, 50, lane, alley.
Wyle, 30, blame ; 62, the cause.
Ye, 7, for you ; *ye cut before the point*, 43 ; the ye is used as a mark of deference, as in Gaelic.
Yersell, 25, yourself.
Yestreen, 25, yesternight.
Yon's, 36, yonder is.
'Yont, 9, beyond, behind.
Yondith, 80, youthfulness.
Yould, 93, yelled, howled.
Youthfu', 5, youthful.

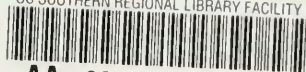
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